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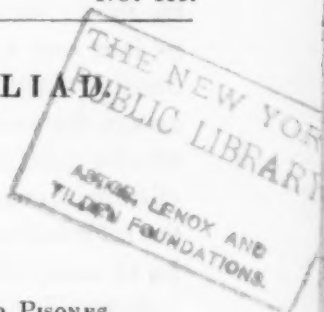
THE CHARACTERS OF THE ILIAD.

ACHILLES.

Aut famam sequere, aut sibi convenientia finge,
Scriptor honoratum si forte reponis Achillem,
Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,
Jura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis.

HOR. EPIS. AD PISONES.

AMONG all the writers, who have flourished at different intervals, — from the period when literature first dawned upon the obscurity of a barbarous world, to the present time when it is fast setting amid clouds, splendidly colored indeed, and partaking in some degree of the glories which they conceal, but fantastic in their shapes, and meretricious in their hues, — three master-spirits only have been distinguished for that peculiar tact, or talent, which has enabled them to invest ideal beings, the creatures of their own poetic fancy, with that singleness and identity of nature, that perfect and harmonious coincidence of words and thoughts, of principles and actions, which is commonly known by the term character. This talent it is, which enchains the mind of the reader in a degree far higher than the most brilliant eloquence, the deepest pathos, or the most sparkling humor; deprived of this, fiction becomes unnatural, and the head is wearied by the narrative, which speaking to it alone, makes no impression on the heart. We have said that in all ages there have existed but three master-spirits endowed with this creative power, and to one who speaks the English language it should be a source of honest patriotic pride, to feel that two of this sublime triumvirate were natives of the sea-girt isle. Flourishing at periods the most remote each from the others, treating of subjects apparently the most diverse, writing in styles widely divided as the antipodes, it would seem at first that the connexion is small, and the comparison untenable between Homer, the lord of the Epic; Shakspeare, the master of the Drama; and Scott, the creator of the poetical Romance. The first chanting his sublime hexameters to the seven-stringed lute in the halls of kings, whose adoration of their muse was their sole step towards civi-



lization ; — the second composing and, like another Æschylus, bearing a prominent part in the representation of his own dramas, at a period when Europe had just emerged from barbarism, and when the language in which he wrote possessed a strength, a freshness, an unmixed raciness that has now been polished into tameness, and diluted into feebleness ; — the third, and not perhaps the slightest of the three, pouring forth the riches of his teeming mind ; enchanting, with his vigorous imaginative prose, all, from the noble in his palace, to the peasant in his cabin, — from the old man already trembling on the verge of eternity, to the laughing boy who has just entered that career which seems to him one of unmingled happiness, — and this, too, at a time when human refinement had been carried almost beyond its proper limits ; in an age the most utilitarian that the world had ever witnessed ; an age in which romance was vulgar, and enthusiasm ridiculous ; in which the guise of Stoicism was drawn over the luxurious form of Epicurianism, in which the *nil admirari* of the Roman Satirist appeared to be the leading maxim of every class and order of mankind.

It would seem at first sight, that between these three no similarity could be detected ; yet this is the common link, the delineation of character, — the knowledge of human nature, and the power of conveying that knowledge to the heart of the reader. This is the great clue to the feelings of men. A poem may be rich with all the superficial gems of style, its thoughts may be high, its aims and aspirations holy, it may abound with the most perfect delineations of natural or ideal beauty, it may be strong in storied incident, and stirring in excitement, but let the personages want identity of character — let them act without motives, or with motives inconsistent to the general conception we have formed concerning them — let them speak without preserving the probabilities of time, and place, and manner — and we shall strive in vain to reap either pleasure or profit from the composition, which, lacking character, lacks probability, and life, and interest, and every thing.

We are not at this time about to enter into a protracted essay on the minute touches and delicate hues which constitute this faculty — nor do we now propose to institute a close comparison between the three great masters, who, in our opinion, have alone of men possessed it in the most exalted degree.

It is our purpose to lay before our readers — at such intervals of time as may prevent the subject from becoming monotonous or wearisome, while they shall be sufficiently brief to permit the memory to retain its last impressions — a series of papers, each one containing a slight analysis of the attributes and character of one or other of the Homeric heroes, illustrated by original translations from the Greek. Our reason for preferring our own less musical verses to the exquisitely polished couplets of Pope, will be at once appreciated by the scholar, who must be aware "of the fact, that the Iliad of the English writer, though unrivalled as a

poem, can lay but small claims to the praise of fidelity; the thoughts of the Greek being often entirely misinterpreted, and still more often polished down till they lose even more in spirit, vigor, and identity, than they gain in melody or sweetness. The metre which we shall adopt, as the most suitable to our purpose, is the old English heroic, not divided into regular couplets, but running into one another, as the circumstances of the original may require. The regular pause of the couplet, and the antithetical or epigrammatic turn, to which this pause gives rise, being in our estimate the principal cause of the dissimilarity of the translation of Pope to the works of the great master which he undertook to transmute into his native language.

At present it is not easy to determine the precise number of papers to which this series may run, as the very examination of some one powerful and obvious character, will often lead to the discovery of more minute, but not less delicate, shades of identity in the personages of inferior note. The character, to which we shall in this instance confine our observations, is that of Achilles, the chief actor, the main-spring, and mover of the whole machinery of the Iliad. The next will probably be one, never, we think, properly appreciated, and very rarely understood, as it hinges almost entirely upon the singular notions of predestination entertained by the ancients, rendering the most virtuous men guilty in deed but innocent in purpose, and ascertaining the preponderance of good or evil motives in the actor not by his actions, but by the degree of resistance, or reluctance, with which he yields to the compulsion of an overruling and omnipotent destiny — we mean the character of Helen, the fatal instrument of that ruin* which had been fore-ordained to the perfidious city even in the days of Laomedon.

Among others we shall give specimens of Ulysses, Agamemnon, Ajax, and the son of Tydeus; nor would the series be complete were we to omit the Grecian Nestor; or the purest and most beautiful of classical conceptions — the Trojan Hector and Andromache.

Without further preamble, we shall proceed at once to the consideration of the character of the goddess-born, as it may be gathered from the various passages of the Iliad, exactly as it is summed up in the quotation we have prefixed to our article, from the shrewdest critic, the most brilliant lyrist, and the most amiable satirist, of the ancient world.

The character of Achilles, then, of which we are now about to treat, is not only the most important, but in our opinion the most strongly conceived and brilliantly wrought of the entire Iliad. He is not a perfect

* ———— Ilium, Ilium,
Fatalis incestusque iudex
Et mulier peregrina vertit

In pulverem, ex quo destituit deos
Mercede pacta Laomedon, mihi
Castæque damnatum Minervæ,
Cum populo et duce fraudulento.

HORACE.

being, for Homer knew too well the nature of man, to commit so great a solecism in his creation. His virtues are great and brilliant, and such as are peculiar to the time ; many of which, according to the purer light of these latter ages, would be considered in the opposite sense, as vices ; — his revenge, for instance, and his unwillingness to be appeased even upon the humblest and most abject submission of those who have offended him. His faults are equally glaring, but equally natural — they are such as arise from the excess of his unbridled virtues, and will be found on examination to be nothing more than the extravagance of the very qualities which, when exhibited in moderation, we the most admire.

Achilles, we must remember, is a very child of nature — unschooled, untutored, and unbridled — his passions are all in the extreme. His valor, his adoration of glory, his love of beauty, his ardent and undying friendship, are all unbounded ; and are at the same time the germs of his equally unbounded follies. Of his valor, arises rashness, and that which we should now term cruelty ; of his love for glory, is born the haughtiness in asserting that glory, the bitter resentment and unforgiving rancor exhibited when it is despised or called in question ; of his admiration for beauty, springs moodiness and silent brooding hatred ; of his undying friendship, the offspring is immortal vengeance.

The man who dares and conquers all things, naturally regards and punishes resistance as a crime ; — the man who has chosen glory in preference to life, who is content to die in the body speedily that he may live in fame eternally, may well look upon the slightest impediment set in the way, the smallest imputation cast upon the brilliancy of his renown, as an offence unpardonable as unjust ; the man who loves Briseis with his burning passion ascribed to Achilles, and natural to every character of impulse, as opposed to principle, will surely hate her ravisher with an intensity equal to that of the opposite extreme ; the man whose friendship for Patroclus is stronger than his love of glory — stronger than his passion for Briseis — stronger than his hate for Agamemnon — must, to be in character, pursue the slayer of Patroclus with a vengeance which becomes the object of his life.

We have spoken of Achilles as a creature of passion and of impulse ; we have proved it thus far by his violent and active movements ; we will go on to show it in his quiet and passive moments. His high and poetical eloquence is a child of passion ; his love of natural beauty, his stalking in his resentment along the shores of the stormy sea ; his adoration of the muse ; his deeply seated melancholy, not merely appearing in his moments of sorrow, but breaking forth in sweet pathetic glimpses from the vehemence of his exultation, and the fury of his wrath ; his veneration for the female sex ; his reverence for old age ; his pity for Priam, the father of his bitter enemy — arising not from compassion but from a sudden indefinable likeness springing into his mind between the gray-

haired Trojan praying for the corpse of Hector, and the bereaved Peleus who must one day weep over his own fall in that remote Argos, which he well knows he shall never see again; these are the bursts of feeling which none but a child of impulse and of nature could exhibit; these are the touches of nature which "make the whole world kin;" which make the Iliad the noblest epic the world has ever seen, and the character of its hero its truest and most glorious ornament.

Never, perhaps, has character been more mistaken, more misrepresented, than that before us — his valor has been annihilated by the false idea that he was invulnerable — a post-Homeric fable, of which no trace is to be found in the Iliad, and at direct variance with his constantly prophetic bodings of a sudden and violent death. His arms were, it is true, of celestial temper, yet that quality saved not Patroclus, nor could it save Achilles, from that destiny to which the gods bowed down in awe, while Jove, the ruler of the universe, was but its instrument and vassal.

On these points volumes might be written; the exhibition of each particular point of character would afford ample ground for an entire essay, and might be illustrated by hundreds of soul-stirring verses — this, our narrow limits will not, we regret to say, permit; and for the present we must content ourselves with shewing the whole bearing on his spirit, of the love of glory, the reasons of his violent hatred to Agamemnon, and the still more powerful reasons by which that hatred was removed. In the very first book of the Iliad, in the strife occasioned by the insolence of Agamemnon — when the goddess-born swears by the sceptre, which once severed from its parent stock must never more bear leaf or branch, that he in like manner once severed from the cause of Agamemnon will never more bear branch or leaf of glory — there is no selfish murmur, no complaint for his loss; and, above all, no regret for Briseis displayed in his stern speech; but, "Thou," he says,

"In anguish shalt consume thine inmost soul,
"That thou the noblest Grecian of the whole
"Didst nothing honor!" —

And again, when, having with a noble respect for the persons and office of the heralds, surrendered the mistress of his affections to their charge, he goes forth, weeping tears, not of womanish sorrow, but of high and honest indignation, to sit beside the shore of the foamy surf, and looking on the dark billows, to invoke his mother's aid, "When thou" — he prays —

"Didst bear me destined to a brief career,
Thou didst the Thunderous Ruler's promise hear
That he would grant me glory! — Lo, thee, now
He hath dishonored me despite his vow!
For Agamemnon, Atreus' royal son,
Disgracing me, hath seized the prize I won."

This, then — not the loss of the girl, adored as she was, but the loss of

that honor for which he had bartered happiness, and length of days, country, and parents, and friends, and of which he now finds himself deprived — this is the grief which drives him to

—————Entomb himself alive,
And case his reputation in his tent!

This is the grief which bids him reject the proffered reconciliation ; which bids him scorn the overtures of Agamemnon, even when tendered by Phœnix, whom he reveres as a father, and Ulysses, whom he values as a friend ; which prompts every syllable of that noble speech — every line, every word of which is a concentration of scorn, contempt, and haughtiness ; and which inspires every sentiment of the yet nobler oration, which we submit as our last quotation to our readers, uttered in reply to Patroclus, who has urged his friend to suffer him to go forth in the arms of Vulcan, and to represent him in the field, hinting obliquely that the certainty of his destined death may be a secondary cause, coupled to his resentment, of his unwillingness to re-enter the field of glory. —

Patroclus — oh ! what words are these of thine ? —
I reckon not aught of prophecy divine,
Nor aught, forewarned of Jove, did *she* foretell
My goddess-mother. — This alone bids swell
My heart, my soul — robbed by an equal's pride —
An equal — nay, the man whom I outvied
In strength, in valor ! — this the wrong confest
That unrevenged must rankle in my breast.
Her, my bright mistress, whom the Greeks decreed,
Won by *my* spear, to be my valor's meed, —
Her Agamemnon seized, my wrath to brave —
Seized, as from some dishonored nameless slave !
But this hath passed — and pass it ! — Sooth to say
I deemed not then my wrath should stand for aye,
But swore *that* anger ne'er should turn aside,
Till the loud war should threaten *my* navy's pride.

Then don mine harness thou — lead thou to strife
The Myrmidons ! — for lo the storm is rife !
The gloomy clouds of Trojan battle roar
Our ships around, while breathless on the shore
Their stripe of sand the Greeks defend no more.
Proud Troy sends forth her thousands to a man,
Boastful and bold. — They see not in the van
My helmet flashing, who had fled amain
Choking the rivers with their piles of slain,
Had Agamemnon curbed his haught disdain.
But now our very ramparts half are won ! —
In Diomedes' hand, fierce Tydeus' son,
Rages the spear no more, the foes to rout
Of Greece erewhile sublime ; the battle shout
No more from Agamemnon's hateful head
Peals on my ear — but louder in its stead
Triumphant Hector's voice around me swells,
Cheering his Trojans — they, with doubled yells,
Fill the wide plain, which trembling Argives yield
To them puissant masters of the field.
Then on, Patroclus, on ! — Lest Hector burn
Our ships, and spoil us of our wished return. —
But mark my words, and store them in thy breast, —

Preserve the camp and leave to me the rest ! —
 So shalt thou win for me bright honor's crown —
 So shall the Greeks acknowledge my renown,
 Restore the dark-eyed mistress of my love,
 And proffer gifts my stern resolve to move.
 For all the Thunderer's pledge of glory given,
 Pursue not thou ! — The Trojans backward driven,
 Pause and return — nor, so to gild thy name,
 Presume to rob Achilles of his fame. —
 Nor, in the triumph of thy victor sway,
 Dare the strong towers of Ilium to assay ;
 Lest from Olympus' hill the gods descend,
 The walls by Phœbus favored to befriend.
 But timely turn, when from the entrenched shore
 Thou hast repulsed the stormy tide of war ;
 Permit the foe the plain to overrun, —
 And oh ! that Jove, and bright Latona's son,
 And Pallas would decree, that on the plain
 Nor living Greek, nor Trojan, should remain ;
 But thou and I escape destruction's blow,
 That only we might lay Troy's ramparts low.

And, lastly, this sense of injured glory — injured by the death of his friend, who is to him father, and friend, and country, since all them he has bartered away for glory — injured by the triumph of his rival Hector, boastingly clad in *his* immortal armor — injured, in a degree yet greater than it has been injured by Agamemnon, that compels him to lay aside his wrath, to reassume his arms, to mount his chariot, and lash his steeds, — though they, too, contrary to the laws of nature, open their mouths to warn him of his approaching doom, — along the path which alone can give him vengeance for his friend, and a balm for his wounded honor ! This is the spirit which leads him to exult over the expiring foeman, who, in the plenitude of his triumph over Patroclus, has boasted that he is safe, and that there is none who can punish or subdue him. This is the spirit which prompts him to drag the lifeless body at his chariot wheels ; and with a seeming paradox this is the very spirit which prompts him to restore the corpse — his injured honor once appeased — to the sorrowing father, that he may discharge the funereal rites, and send the buried spirit to Elysium.

On this sense of honor, we have thus far dwelt solely, because it appears to us the main-spring of the character of Achilles ; the feature which is displayed in the greatest number and variety of phases, the impulse to which all others tend, the key to the comprehending the identity of the hero, and the point on which the immortal bard has manifested, above all others, his intimate acquaintance with the operation of a single passion in a thousand aspects, both for good and evil, on the heart of man.

Here, for the present, we must pause — if our readers shall not be weary of the subject, we may take a future opportunity of touching again on the character of Achilles, as we shall on those of other prominent personages exhibited in “ the tale of Troy divine.”

THE PRINCESS JEANNE.

The Princess Jeanne of France, daughter of Louis XI., was divorced by her husband Louis XII., after his accession to the throne. He afterwards married Anne of Brittany.

FAREWELL ! would 'twere a word unsaid !
 It hath a meaning deep.
 And yet mine eyes no tears may shed —
 I am too proud to weep.
 I would not that e'en thou shouldst see
 This torn and trampled heart
 Can bleed at wrongs sustained from thee,
 Or grieve that we must part.
 And cold as is thy glance and tone,
 Mine shall be changeless as thine own.

I am not fair — that thou didst know,
 When first in tender youth
 We pledged to Heaven our mutual vow,
 The seal of stainless truth.
 I cared not that thy glances roved
 O'er many a form of grace, —
 Or that thy heedless fancy loved
 To look on Beauty's face.
 Enough for me the task more dear,
 Thy sadder, lonelier hours to cheer.

I've shared thy lofty rank and power,
 A proud and joyous bride ; —
 Yet loved to watch in sorrow's hour,
 Unwearied at thy side.
 Amid the throng that hailed thy name,
 The pride of France's throne,
 Of all that swelled the loud acclaim,
 My voice was mute alone.
 Yet who like me could e'er impart
 The silent welcome of the heart ?

Go now, — and cast my love aside,
 A thing possessed too long : —
 I bear too much of queenly pride
 To taunt thee with my wrong !
 Go — wed another — she may move
 Thy breast to rapture's thrill ; —
 But ties which Heaven's own hand hath wove, —
 They must be holy still —
 Me thou may'st spurn — but from my heart
 No earthly hand those links can part.

Pass on ! for thee the trump shall swell,
 And royal pageants glow : —
 I seek the cloister's sacred cell,
 And hide my lonely wo.
 Yet deem not — hope not — even there,
 The past remembered not !
 In no wild vow, or votive prayer,
 Thy name shall be forgot.
 But thou — no thoughts of Heaven or me
 Shall dim the joys that wait for thee !

E. F. E.

THE TREASON OF GANELON.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF ARIOSTO.

Continued.

26.

Not Aquiline, not Sylvanel* was slow,
 The fairy of the mountain, or the Rain, nor yet
 The dark skinned sister, nor the maid of snow,
 Nor she for whom Sir Borso† laid his net —
 Griffonet, this, and that, and many mo
 Than in my narrow compass I can set,
 Either of Oliviero to complain,
 Or Aymon's son Rinaldo, or the Dane.

27.

With Dudon these, and these with Brandimart
 While‡ yet alive, and these with Charles find fault.
 All, some in one, some in another part,
 Had wrought them loss, or offered rude assault,
 Burst their enchantments, and disgraced that art
 Which nature oft obeys, and e'en heaven's vault.
 Scarce in a hundred might you hap on one
 To whom some injury had not been done.

28.

Even those few, who did not want redress,
 For others felt a sympathy so keen,
 That they bewailed, and cried revenge, no less
 Than if their own peculiar ill 't had been.
 They ne'er would have it said, never confess,
 Their art had so declined, as to be seen
 Prostrate and suppliant beneath the might
 And haughty mood of Paladin and Knight.

29.

Then all the assembled fairies — save alone
 Morgana, whom her dreadful oaths disarm,

* Sylvanella fell in love with the dead body of Narcissus, and took up her abode in the same fountain, which had proved such a fatal mirror to that victim of self-love; and the fountain was so enchanted by her, that whoever looked upon its surface, saw glassed thereon the face of a pretty girl. — Berni Orl. Inam. 46, 62-68.

† Bors was a kinsman of Sir Launcelot du Lac, and belonged to Arthur's court, not to Charles's. Viviana, Lady of the Lake, is most probably alluded to.

‡ Brandimart, Earl of Rouce. Silvana was killed by Godasso, king of Seriana, as may be read in the 41st book of Orlando Furioso. He was son to Monodante, (see note marked (†) st. 13) husband to Fleur de Lys, and brother to Gigliante and Leodilla.

That nor by open means, nor arts unknown,
 To Roland she would do or purchase harm —
 All from the Arctic and the Antarctic zone,
 Where'er the winds are fresh, and sunbeams warm,
 All deem Alcina's councils right and true,
 And pray their lord to give effect thereto.

30.

As soon as Demogorgon, monarch sage,
 Had heard the loud lament which filled his hall,
 He said, "Since general wrongs provoke your rage,
 "For general vengeance I admit your call —
 "Roland and France's lofty lineage,
 "Barons, and king, and kingdom, perish all!
 "Nor leave a vestige or a mark, that could
 "To after-days proclaim, *Here Paris stood !*"

31.

As Rome and some republics deemed it right
 Full many a time, in crisis of alarm,
 Out of the many that one chosen wight
 Should wield the power, to save them all from harm,
 E'en so Alcina was empowered that night
 To fix, what open force, what subtle charm
 Each should employ, that so might each be boon,
 When summoned to bring aid, to bring it soon.

32.

As he, who slowly spends his coin away,
 Nor soon concludes a bargain, thrice or more
 The Ascension* fair at Venice will survey,
 Speak not a word, but search it o'er and o'er,
 And fix upon such booth as shall display
 Of that which he requires the amplest store;
 His mind this purchase now, now that revolves,
 Takes up a hundred, and on none resolves.

33.

This thing selects and sets apart, that spurns,
 Then, what he just had spurned, takes up again,
 Again rejects, and to another turns,
 Changes, rechanges, and decides with pain;
 Alcina so, who in her bosom churns
 A mass of thoughts, doth musing long remain,
 A hundred various paths her mind pursues
 And cannot yet determine which to choose.

34.

After much turning it, she thinks it best
 That Envy, spreading discord through the court,
 Should overthrow the Empire† of the West.
 So be't! and let the doing on't be short!
 But say, whose entrails for that cursed pest
 Shall she first give, to gnaw? Of fitter sort

* *La Sensa* is the great annual fair of Venice so called because it is held in Ascension week. In church Latinity Ascension-day is, or was, called *Ascensa*, and the modern Venetians term it *Sensa*. *Ascensa Domini* (says the *Art de Verifier*. tom. 1.) *aujourd'hui Ascencio*.

† See note marked (*) stanza 24.

None can she spy, nor sweeter to the gust
Of Envy, than the heart of Gan the unjust.

35.

Some time Sir Gano was a favored man
Nigh Charlemagne, that none might step between.
But since Astolf and he of Montalban,
Roland and others, 'gainst the Algerine*
And 'gainst Marsilius† had led honor's van,
His place was somewhat lower than 't had been.
Therefore the boaster, full of smoke and wind,
Was soured by discontent, and ill-inclined.

36.

Gano was proud, and envious, and malign,
The lords of Charles's court to death he hated,
And could not bear that any there should shine,
Without intrigue, nor by his breath created;
Yet well, by humble speech and smiles, gave sign
Of outward goodness, false, and simulated;
And those who did not know him for a cheat
Would kneel‡ and light the tapers at his feet.

37.

When Charles§ and he were linked together more,
And Gano daily visits to him paid,
He ever gnawed, a canker, at the core,
And round about with secret malice preyed;
What truth he spake, he darkened and outswore.
Even a Grecian at his lying trade.
Than such a vicious heart, the fairy wot
No fitter prey for envy could be got.

38.

Where tower the summits of Imaus high,
And heaven upon his shoulders seems to dwell,
'Mid ice inert, and snows that ever lie,
There slopes a darksome and deep-riven dell,
In which a cavern's mouth yawns horribly,
And down it is the road direct to hell.
That cave is one among the portals seven
Through which access to Death's domain is given.

39.

Seven are the chiefest avenues and gates
That souls descending to the shades may take.
Some go by tortuous paths or narrow straits,
Through Tænarus, or below the Avernian lake,

* Rodomonte, king of Algiers, and Sarza son of Ulion, who had invaded France, and been defeated in contests with Orlando and Bradamante, and at last slain by Ruggiero. The boastful character ascribed to him by the romancers has given rise to the word *Rodomontade*.

† King of Spain, who had invaded France some time before, in conjunction with the Africans.

‡ Gli porria a piedi i lumi. I understand from Mr. Rose that this remarkable expression is a figure of speech borrowed from the worship of the images of saints, before which the pious used to place lighted tapers. Religious hypocrisy forms a part of the character of Ariosto's Gano.

§ Molto fumo onorati i Maganzezi
E sopra tutti Ganoda Portieri. — Orl. Inam. 1, 18.

But this, where Envy, horrid portress, waits,
Is that whereof most common use they make.
Into that deep abyss of gloomy shade
Alcina dives, without a ladder's aid.

40.

Soon to the cave's interior she hath passed,
And of her spear the loud percussion feel
Those doors and bars, where worms have made repast,
And rust's slow ravages more baneful steal.
Envy,* who chanced that time to break her fast,
Was making of a horned snake her meal;
But, sudden as she heard it, raised her head,
From that pestiferous and bitter bread.

41.

One of an hundred servants who stood round
She straightway sent, the iron bolts to slack.
He, for he knew the dame, whom there he found
Brought tidings of her to his mistress back.—
To meet her, slow she rose from under ground
Towards the day, and left the vapours black;
Her fairy's name is heard with awe and fright
E'en in the regions of infernal night.

42.

Soon as she viewed Alcina gaily dressed
In robes of gold, and silk, and 'broidery brave—
For she was wont to move in gorgeous vest
Nor deigned of rich adornment aught to save—
With aspect ominous, and full of pest,
From livid eyes a woful glance she gave,
And heavy sighs, that from her bosom burst,
Proclaimed the sadness of her soul accurst.

43.

Paler than boxen wood, and lean, and dry,
Her arid countenance did hateful wax,
And eke her eyes, which always look awry,
And mouth, which laughter never did relax,
Unless when it had caused some wretch to fly
Exiled, or torments suffer, or the axe;
She had no mirth for any other cause.
Teeth long and black and rusty armed her jaws.

44.

"Of Emperors, oh great Imperatrix!"
Alcina cried, "of kings the mighty queen!
"Who e'en on conquerors' necks thy foot dost fix,
"Who bane of Medes and Macedon wert seen,
"And didst unlearn the Roman his proud tricks,
"And Greeks! Thy glory, what a space between,
"And all besides it! None shall come thee nigh,
"When low the empire of the Franks doth lie.

* The personification of Envy in this canto, has been imitated by Spenser in B. 5. c. 12.

Then from her mouth the goblet she does take;
The which whilen she was so gradily
Devouring, even that half-gnawen snake, &c.

45.

"The Franks,* a nation vile, took flight from Troy
 "Unto the marshes of the river Don,
 "And there did so the neighborhood annoy
 "That to a distance they were driven anon,
 "Even to Danube's banks, nor did enjoy
 "Them long; Rome's eagle bade them thence begone.
 "To Rhine they journey'd, and in some short while
 "Found entrance into Gaul, by art, and guile.

46.

"There placed, they lent their transitory aid
 "To those, or these, and those raised up again,
 "Whom late they had the other's subjects made,
 "And part by part, they did the whole obtain;
 "Till Pepin from his master seized, and swayed,
 "The realm he had not cunning to retain—
 "Now Charles, his son, the imperial throne doth fill,
 "And Europe and the world obey his will.

47.

"Ah! canst thou bear that this erratic race
 "Oft hunted fugitive from land to land,
 "And never resting long in any place,
 "But from one country and another banned,
 "Ah! canst thou bear, their empire should embrace
 "So many shores, and all the West command,
 "And earth and sea their name terrific deem
 "From Ind to Mauritania's waves extreme?

48.

"To mortal grandeur God a bound hath set
 "Impassable. Man, who can rise thus far,
 "Would almost grow, by rising higher yet,
 "Divine; but heaven and nature place a bar,

* It is said by the more fabulous historians of France, that the Franks were descended from Frank, or Francio, son of Hector, who fled from the ruins of Troy, and settled with his followers upon the Tanais, and afterward, upon the Danube. The king of France (in Jean le Maire's *Épître du roi Hector*) says, "I am not descended from Hercules or Jason:"

Mais de Francus le tien trez noble fils,
 Lequel cueillant de tes biens les profits
 Laissa sa terre et conquist grand pais
 Sur les palus du Fleuve Tanais:

And as the number of his people multiplied, he removed from thence to the river Danube:

La fonda il pour sa royale chambre
 Une cite qui s'appella Sicambre
 Mais a present se dit Bude en Hongrie.

The Franks who were settled at Sicambria in Hungary, were transplanted from thence to the neighborhood of the Rhine by Valentinian the 2d. From thence they passed over into the Gauls, under their king Clodion Capillatus. See Adon of Vienne, p. 282. Honorius of Autun de Imag. Mundi, tit. Europa. Robert Gaguin, fol. i., ii., etc.—It matters not here to sift the true from the false in these passages of history; it is sufficient to explain the allusions of Ariosto. Those who have a fancy to read more may resort to the *Franciade*, an heroic poem in four books by Ronsard, a poet famous in the reigns of Charles the Ninth and Henry the Third.

Des Rois Francois issus de Francion
 Enfant de Hector, Troyen de nation,
 Qu'on appelloit en sa jeunesse tendre
 Astyanax, et du nom de Scamandre.

"And bid them soon decline, who thus high get.
 "Lo! Charles's fortunes in that zenith are,
 "And should thy hand such loftiness bring down
 "Thy former glories 'twould surpass and crown."

49.

Moreover, she set forth another reason
 For doing so, and did the mode impart,
 How Sir Ganellon, long to fraud and treason
 Framed and inured, might act a useful part;
 And added then, that at no time or season,
 If thus employed by her, from round his heart
 Would he that obligation's knot untie,
 But constant in her service live and die.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

SCENES IN THE LEVANT.*

SMYRNA, APRIL, 1835.

WE returned to the house, and seeking out a room less ruined than the rest, partook of a slight collation, and set out on a visit to a relative of my Sciote friend.

On our way my companion pointed out a convent, on the side of a hill, where six thousand Greeks, who had been prevailed upon to come down from the mountains to ransom themselves, were treacherously murdered to a man,—their unburied bones still whiten the ground within the walls of the convent. Arriving at the house of his relative, we entered through a large gateway into a handsome court-yard, with reservoir, garden, &c., ruinous, though in better condition than those we had seen before. This relation was a widow, of the noble house of Mavrocardato, one of the first families in Greece, and perhaps the most distinguished name in the Greek revolution. She had availed herself of the Sultan's amnesty to return; had repaired two or three rooms, and sat down to end her days among the scenes of her childhood—among the ruins of her father's house. She was now not more than thirty; her countenance was remarkably pensive, and she had seen enough to drive a smile for ever from her face. The meeting between her and my friend was exceedingly affecting, particularly on her part. She wept bitterly, though with the elasticity peculiar to the Greek character;—the

* Continued from the October number.

smile soon chased away the tear. She invited us to spend the night there, pointing to the divan, and promising us cushions and coverlids. We accepted her invitation, and again started out to ramble among the ruins.

I had heard that an American missionary had lately come into the island, and was living somewhere in the neighborhood. I found out his abode, and went to see him. He was a young man, from Virginia, by the name of * * * *; had married a lady from Connecticut, who was unfortunately sick in bed. He was living in one room in the corner of a ruined house, but was then engaged in repairing a house into which he expected to remove soon. As an American, the first whom they had seen in that distant island, they invited me into the sick room. In a strange land, and among a people whose language they did not understand, they seemed to be all in all to each other; and I left them, probably for ever, in the earnest hope that the wife might soon be restored to health, that hand in hand they might sustain each other in the rough path before them.

Towards evening we returned to the house of my friend's relative. We found there a nephew, a young man about twenty-two, and a cousin, a man about thirty-five, both accidentally on a visit to the island. As I looked at the little party before me, sitting around a brazier of charcoal, and talking earnestly in Greek, I could hardly persuade myself that all that I had seen and heard that day, was real. All that I had ever read in history of the ferocity of the Turkish character; all the wild stories of corsairs, of murdering, capturing and carrying into captivity, that I had ever read in romances, crowded upon me, and I saw before me living witnesses that the bloodiest records of history and the wildest creations of romance were not overcharged. They could all testify in their own persons that these things were true. They had all been stript of their property, and had their houses burnt over their heads; they had all narrowly escaped being murdered; they had all suffered in their nearest and dearest connexions. The nephew, then a boy nine years old, had been saved by a maid-servant; his father had been murdered; a brother, a sister, and many of his cousins, were at that moment, and had been for years, in slavery among the Turks; my friend, with his sister, had found refuge in the house of the Austrian consul, and from thence had escaped into Italy; the cousin was the son of one of the forty hostages who was hung, and was the only member of his father's family that escaped death; while our pensive and amiable hostess, a bride of 17, had seen her young husband murdered before her eyes; had herself been sold into slavery, and, after two years' servitude, redeemed by her friends.

In the morning I rose early and walked out upon the terrace. Nature had put on a different garb. The wind had fallen, and the sun was shining warmly upon a scene of softness and luxuriance surpassing all that I had ever heard or dreamed of the beauty of the islands of Greece.

Away with all that I said about Syra, — skip the page. The terrace overlooked the garden filled with orange, lemon, almond, and fig trees ; with plants, roses, and flowers, of every description, growing in luxuriant wildness. But the view was not confined to the garden. Looking back to the harbor of Scio, was a bold range of rugged mountains bounding the view on that side ; on the right was the sea, then calm as a lake ; on both the other sides were ranges of mountains, irregular and picturesque in their appearance, verdant and blooming to their very summits ; and within these limits, for an extent of perhaps five miles, were continued gardens like that at my feet ; filled with the choicest fruit trees, with roses, and the greatest variety of rare plants and flowers that ever unfolded their beauties before the eyes of man : above all, the orange trees, the peculiar favorite of the island, then almost in full bloom, covered with blossoms — from my elevated position on the terrace made the whole valley appear an immense bed of flowers. All, too, felt the freshening influence of the rain ; and a gentle breeze brought to me from this wilderness of sweets the most delicious perfume that ever greeted the senses. Do not think me extravagant when I say, that in your wildest dreams you could never fancy so rich and beautiful a picture. Even among ruins, that almost make the heart break, you cannot tear your eyes from the loveliness of the scene. It is one of the loveliest spots on earth. It is emphatically a Paradise lost, — for the hand of the Turks is upon it — a hand that withers all that it touches. In vain does the Sultan invite the survivors, and the children made orphans by his bloody massacre, to return ; — in vain do the fruits and the flowers, the sun and the soil invite them to return ; their wounds are still bleeding ; they cannot forget that the wild beast's paw might again be upon them, and that their own blood might one day moisten the flowers which grow over the graves of their fathers. But I must quit this place. I could hardly tear myself away then, and I love to linger about it now.

While I was enjoying the luxury of the terrace, a messenger came from the captain to call us on board. With a feeling of the deepest interest I bid farewell, probably for ever, to my sorrowing hostess, and to the beautiful gardens of Scio. We mounted our mules, and in an hour were at the port. My feelings were so wrought upon that I felt my blood boil at the first Turk I met in the streets. I felt that I should like to sacrifice him to the shades of the murdered Greeks. I was ready to quarrel with any of them in spite of their pistols and yataghans. I wondered that the Greeks did not kill every one on the island. I wondered that they could endure the sight of the turban.

We found that the captain had hurried us away unnecessarily. We could not get out of the harbor, and were obliged to lounge about the town all day. We again made a circuit among the ruins ; examined particularly those of the library, where we found an old woman who had once been an attendant there, living in a little room in the cellar, completely

buried under the stones of the fallen building ; and returning, sat down with a chibouk before the door of an old Turkish Kaughteria (or café) fronting the harbor. Here I met an original in the person of the Dutch consul. He was an old Italian ; and had been in America during the revolutionary war as *dragoman*, as he called it, to the Count de Grasse, though from his afterwards incidentally speaking of the count as "my master," I am inclined to think that the word *Dragoman*, which here means a person of great character and trust, may be interpreted as "valet de chambre." The old consul was in Scio during the whole of the massacre, and gave me many interesting particulars respecting it. He hates the Greeks, and spoke with great indignation about the manner in which their dead bodies, or, as he called them, the "d——d Greeks" lay strewed about the streets for months after the massacre. "D—n them," he said, he could not go any where without stumbling over them. As I began to have some apprehensions about being obliged to stay here another night, I thought I could not employ my time better, than to try and work out of the consul an invitation to spend it with him. But the old fellow was too much for me. When I began to talk about the unpleasantness of being obliged to spend the night on board, and the impossibility of spending it on shore, *having no acquaintance* there, he began to talk poverty in the most up and down terms. I was a little discouraged, but I looked at his military coat, his cocked hat and cane, and considering his talk merely a sort of apology for the inferior style of housekeeping I would find, was ingeniously working things to a point, when he sent me to the right about by enumerating the little instances of kindness he had received from strangers who happened to visit the island ; among others from one — he had his name in his pocket book — he should never forget him — perhaps I had heard of him — who at parting shook him affectionately by the hand and gave him a doubloon and a Spanish dollar. I hauled off from the representative of the majesty of Holland, and perhaps before this, have been served up to some new visitor as the "d——d mean American."

In the evening we again got under weigh : before morning the wind was again blowing dead ahead ; and about mid-day we put into the harbor of Joggi, a port in Asia Minor, and came to anchor under the walls of the castle, under the blood-red Musselman flag. We immediately got into the boat to go ashore. This was my first port in Turkey. A huge ugly African, marked with the small pox, with two pistols and yataghan in his belt, stood on a little dock, waited till we were in the act of landing, then rushed forward ferocious as a tiger from his native sands, throwing up both his hands and roaring out "Quarantine." This was a new thing in Turkey. Heretofore, the Turks with their fatalist notions, had never taken any precautions against the plague ; but they had become frightened by the terrible ravages the disease was then making in Egypt, and imposed a quarantine upon vessels coming from there. We were,

however, suffered to land, and our first movement was to the café directly in front of the dock. The café was a low wooden building covering considerable ground, with a large piazza, or rather projecting roof, all around it. Inside and out there was a raised platform against the wall. This platform was one step from the floor, and on this step every one leaves his shoes before taking his seat on the matting. There were, perhaps, fifty Turks inside and out; sitting cross-legged, smoking the chibouk, and drinking coffee out of cups not larger than the shell of a Madeira nut.

We kicked our shoes off on the steps, seated ourselves on a mat outside, and took our chibouk and coffee, with an air of *savoir vivre* that would not have disgraced the worthiest Moslem of them all. Indeed, so far as knowing what's what in the way of smoking goes, I have long been fully qualified to become a Turk. Verily, said I, as I looked at the dozing, smoking, coffee-sipping congregation around me, there are some good points about the Turks after all. They never think — that hurts digestion; and they love chibouks and coffee, — that shews taste and feeling. I fell into their humor, and for a while exchanged nods with my neighbors all around. Suddenly the bitterness of thought came upon me; I found that my pipe was exhausted. I replenished it, and took a sip of coffee. Verily, said I, there are few better things in this world than chibouks and coffee, — they even make men forget there is blood upon their hands. The thought started me; I shrunk from contact with my neighbors; cut my way through the volumes of smoke, and got out into the open air.

My companion joined me. We entered the walls and made a circuit of the town. It was a dirty little place, having one principal street lined with shops or bazaars; every third shop, almost, being a *Kaughteria*, where a parcel of huge turbaned fellows were at their daily labors of smoking pipes and drinking coffee. The first thing I remarked as being strikingly different from a European city, was the total absence of women. The streets were thronged with men, and not a woman was to be seen, except occasionally I caught a glimpse of a white veil, or a pair of black eyes sparkling through the latticed bars of a window. Afterwards, however, in walking outside the walls into the country, we met a large party of women. When we first saw them they had their faces uncovered, but as soon as they saw us coming towards them, they stopped and arranged their long white shawls, winding them around their faces so as to leave barely space enough uncovered to allow them to see and breathe; but so that it was utterly impossible for us to distinguish a single one of their features.

Going on in the direction from which they came, and attracted by the mourning cypress, we came to a large burying-ground. It is situate on the side of a hill almost washed by the waves, and shaded by a thick grove of the funereal tree. There is, indeed, something peculiarly

touching in the appearance of this tree ; it seems to be endued with feeling, and to mourn over the dead it shades. The monuments were generally a single upright slab of marble, with a turban on the top. There were many, too, in form like one of our oblong tombstones ; and instead of a slab of marble over the top, the interior filled with earth, and the surface overrun with roses, evergreens, and flowers. The burying-grounds in the East are always favorite places for walking in ; and it is said to be a favorite occupation of the Turkish women to watch and water the flowers growing over the graves of their friends.

Towards evening we returned to the harbor. I withdrew from my companion, and leaning against one of the gates of the city, fixed my eyes upon the door of a minaret, watching till the muezzin should appear ; and for the last time before the setting of the sun, call all good Musselmén to prayer. The door opens towards Mecca, and a little before dark the Muezzin came out, and leaning over the railing with his face towards the tomb of the Prophet, in a voice, every tone of which fell distinctly upon my ear, made that solemn call which from the time of Mahomet has been addressed five times a day from the tops of the minarets to the sons of the faithful :

“Allah ! Allah ! God is God and Mahomet is his prophet. To prayer ! to prayer !”

Immediately an old Turk by my side, fell upon his knees, with his face to the tomb of the Prophet ; ten times, in quick succession, he bowed his forehead till it touched the earth ; then clasped his hands and prayed. I never saw more wrapt devotion than in this pious old Musselman.

I have often marked in Italy the severe observance of religious ceremonies ; have seen, for instance, at Rome, fifty devots at a time mounting on their knees, and kissing as they mounted, the steps of the Scala Santa or holy staircase, by which, as the priests tell them, our Saviour ascended into the presence of Pontius Pilate. I have seen the Greek prostrate himself before a picture until he was physically exhausted ; and I have seen the humble and pious Christian at his prayers, beneath the simple fanes and before the peaceful altars of my own land ; but I never, in witnessing the devotions of either, saw that perfect abandonment with which a Turk gives himself up to his God in prayer. He is perfectly abstracted from the things of this world ; he does not regard time nor place ; in his closet or in the street, alone or in a crowd, he sees nothing — he hears nothing — the world is a blank ; his God is every thing. He is lost in the intensity of his devotion. It is a spectacle almost sublime, and for the moment you forget the polluted fountain of his religion, and the thousand crimes it sanctions, in your admiration of his sincerity and faith.

Not being able to find any place where we could sleep ashore, except on one of the mats of the café, head and heels with a dozen Turks, we

went on board, and towards morning again got under weigh. We beat up to the mouth of the gulph of Smyrna, but with the sirocco blowing directly in our teeth, it was impossible to go further. We made two or three attempts to enter, but in tacking the last time, our old brig, which had hardly ballast enough to keep her keel under water, received such a rough shaking that we got her away before the wind, and at three o'clock P. M., were again anchored in the harbor of Joggi. I now began to think that there was a spell upon my movements, and that Smyrna, which was becoming to me a sort of land of promise, would never greet my longing eyes.

I was somewhat comforted, however, by remembering that I had never yet reached any port in the Mediterranean, for which I had sailed, without touching at one or two intermediate ports; and that so far I had always worked right at last. I was still further comforted by our having the good fortune to be able to procure lodgings ashore, at the house of a Greek, the son of a Greek priest. It was the Saturday before Easter Sunday, and the resurrection of our Saviour was to be celebrated at midnight, or rather the beginning of the next day, according to the rites and ceremonies of the Greek church. It was also the last of the forty days' fasting, and to-morrow commenced feasting. Supper was prepared for us, at which meat was put on the table for me only; my Greek friend being supposed not to eat meat during the prescribed days of fasting. He had been, however, two years out of Greece; and though he did not like to offend the prejudices of his countrymen, he did not like fasting. I felt for a traveller's stomach, and cutting up some meat in small parcels, kept my eye upon the door while he whipt them into his mouth. After supper we laid down upon the divan, with large quilts over us, my friend having promised to rise at twelve o'clock, and accompany me to the Greek church.

At midnight we were roused by the chaunt of the Greeks in the streets on their way to the church. We turned out, and fell into a procession of five hundred people, making the streets as light as day with their torches. At the door of the church we found our host, sitting at a table with a parcel of wax tapers on one side, and a box to receive money on the other. We each bought a taper and went in. After remaining there at least two hours, listening to a monotonous and unintelligible routine of prayers and chaunts, the priests came out of the holy doors, bearing aloft an image of our Saviour on the cross — ornamented with gold leaf, tassels, and festoons of artificial flowers — passed through the church and out of the opposite door. The Greeks lighted their tapers and formed into a procession behind them, and we did the same. Immediately outside the door, up the staircase, and on each side of the corridor, allowing merely room enough for the procession to pass, were arranged the women, dressed in white, with long white veils, thrown back from their faces however, laid smooth over the tops of their heads and

hanging down to their feet. Nearly every woman, old or young, had a child in her arms. It appeared to be a part of the ceremony. I could not help wondering how some of them came by such things. I am sure some of the children did not belong to those who had them in their arms, and think they must have been borrowed for the occasion. In fact there seemed to be as great a mustering of children as of men and women, and for aught that I could see, as much to the edification of the former as the latter. I observed some confusion in one corner, where I understood they had got some of the children changed, and the owners had difficulty in picking out their own. And I do not wonder — they all looked so much alike. The women too were dressed so much alike, that I should have thought it difficult for a husband to have selected his own wife ; and I am told some mistakes did occur in the course of the night ; in which, strange to say, even the women did not discover the error. I am sure I might very innocently have made a mistake myself, particularly if my wife had happened to be ugly, and a handsome woman had happened to be by her side. But to proceed : a continued chaunt was kept up during the movements of the procession, and perhaps for half an hour after the arrival of the priests at the court yard, when it rose to a tremendous burst. The torches were waved in the air ; a wild unmeaning and discordant scream or yell rang through the hollow cloisters, and half a dozen pistols, two or three muskets, and twenty or thirty crackers, were fired. This was intended as a *feu-de-joie*, and was supposed to be the precise moment of our Saviour's resurrection. In a few moments the frenzy seemed to pass away ; the noise fell from a wild clamor to a slow chaunt, and the procession returned to the church.

The scene was striking, particularly the part outside the church — the dead of night ; the waving of torches ; the women with their long white dresses, and the children in their arms, &c. ; — but from beginning to end there was nothing solemn in it.

Returned to the church, a priest came round with a picture of the Saviour risen ; and, as far as I could make it out, holding in his hand the Greek flag, followed by another priest with a plate to receive contributions. He held out the picture to be kissed, then turned his hand to receive the same act of devotion, keeping his eye all the time upon the plate which followed to receive the offerings of the pious, as a sort of payment for the privilege of the kiss. His manner reminded me of the Dutch parson ; immediately after pronouncing a couple man and wife, touching the bridegroom under the short ribs, " and now where ish mine dolla." I kissed the picture ; dodged his knuckles ; paid my money, and left the church. I had been there four hours ; during which time, perhaps, more than a thousand persons had been completely absorbed in their religious ceremonies ; and though beginning in the middle of the night, I have seen more yawning at the theatre, or at an Italian ope-

ra, than I saw there. They now began to disperse, though I remember I left a crowd of regular amateurs, at the head of whom were our sailors, still hanging round the desk of an exhorting priest, with an earnestness that shewed a still craving appetite.

I do not wonder that the Turks should look with contempt upon Christians, for they have constantly under their eyes the disgusting mummeries of the Greek church, and see nothing of the pure and sublime principles their religion inculcates. Still, however, there was something striking and interesting in the manner in which the Greeks in this Turkish town had kept themselves, as it were, a peculiar people, and in spite of the brands of "dog" and "infidel," held fast to the religion they received from their fathers. There was nothing interesting about them as Greeks; they had taken no part with their countrymen in their glorious struggle for liberty; they were engaged in petty business, and bartered the precious chance of freedom once before them for petty profits and ignoble ease; and even now were content to live in chains, and kiss the rod that smote them.

We returned to the house where we had slept; and after coffee, in company with our host and his father, the priest, sat down to a meal, in which for the first time in forty days they ate meat. I had often remarked the religious observance of fast days among the common people in Greece. In travelling there, I had more than once offered an egg to my guide on a fast day, but never could get one to accept any thing that came so near to animal food, though by a strange confusion of the principles of religious obligation, perhaps the same man would not have hesitated to commit murder, if he had any inducement to do so. Mrs. Hill, the wife of our excellent countryman at Athens, (and one of the most estimable men, in every point of view, whom I have met in these parts) told me that upon one occasion, a little girl in her school refused to eat a piece of cake because it was made with eggs.

At daylight I was lying on the floor looking through a crevice of the window shutter at the door of the minaret, waiting for the Muezzin's morning cry to prayer. At six o'clock I went out, and finding the wind still in the same quarter, without any apparent prospect of change, determined, at all hazards, to quit the vessel and go on by land. My friend and fellow passenger was also very anxious to get to Smyrna, but would not accompany me, from an indefinite apprehension of plague, robbers, &c. I had heard so many of these rumors, all of which had proved to be unfounded, that I put no faith in any of them. I found a Turk who engaged to take me through in twelve hours; and at seven o'clock I was in my saddle, charged with a dozen letters from captains, supercargoes, and passengers, whom I left behind me waiting for a change of wind.

My Tartar was a big swarthy fellow, with an extent of beard and mustachios unusual even among his bearded countrymen. He was armed

with a pair of enormous pistols and a yataghan, and was, altogether, a formidable fellow to look upon. But there was a something about him that I liked. There was a doggedness, a downright stubbornness that seemed honest. I knew nothing about him. I picked him up in the street, and took him in preference to others who offered, because he would not be beat down in his price. When he saw me seated on my horse he stood by my side, a little distance off, and looking at me without opening his lips, drew his belt tight around him, and adjusted his pistols and yataghan. His manner seemed to say that he took charge of me as a bale of goods to be paid for on safe delivery, and that he would carry me through with fire and sword if necessary. And now, said I, "Let fate do her worst" — I have a good horse under me, and in twelve hours I shall be in Smyrna. "Blow winds and crack your cheeks" — I defy you.

LINES WRITTEN ON A BANK NOTE.

THOU fragile thing
That with a breath I could destroy,
What mighty train of care and joy
Do ye not bring?

Emblem of power,
By thee comes public bane or good;
The wheels of state, without thee, would
Stop in an hour.

Tower, dome, and arch,
Thou spreadest o'er the desert waste,
Thou guid'st the path of war, and stay'st
The army's march.

The spreading seas
For thee unnumbered squadrons bear,
Ruler of earth, and sea, and air —
When bended knees

Are bowed in prayer,
Although to heaven is given each word,
Thy influence in the heart, unheard,
Is upmost there!

Fly! minion, fly!
Thine errand is unfinished yet —
The boon I covet, — to forget!
Thou canst not buy.

VESUVIUS.*

I KNOW of no sailing so delightful as that on the lake-like surface of the blue Mediterranean, along the coast of Italy, during the summer months. The breeze comes off from the land loaded with a dewy perfume that fills every sense with gladness — the sails swell to it, and you are wafted along sufficiently fast to enjoy every object that the progressive motion of the ship unfolds.

Above, is the bright beautiful sky, relieved at times by floating clouds that settle toward night-fall on the horizon, forming one of Claude Lorraine's sunsets — unrivalled for its glowing colors and mellow tints. Then, too, that singularly beautiful coast, — "that dimple on the face of nature," mirroring its groves of orange and olive — its vine-clad hills — and its numberless beautiful villas and white villages, in the deep blue sea that bathes its sunny shores, creates a scene so gentle, so quiet, and yet so full of feeling, that one feels half disposed to view it as the reflected image of the paradise of pure and happy spirits — such as the mind conceives — the imagination pictures — and fancy weaves in a sweet dream!

It was at the close of a lovely day in June 1834, that our gallant frigate entered the bay of Naples. The purpling twilight was throwing its divine influence over land and sea. The island of Capri, where Tiberius passed his summers, and Nero confined his prisoners, was close to us. Vesuvius was rearing aloft its scorched summit through a coronet of clouds, with wreaths of smoke floating away in heavy masses, and an occasional body of crimson flame bursting forth to light up the magic scene beneath. On the opposite shore was Naples, showing itself through the gauzy curtain of distance, with its domes, cupolas, and spires burnished by the reflected light of the volcanic fires.

We anchored, late in the evening, close to the city. There were a countless number of lights glittering in the palaces and the gardens. The fishing-boats were dancing over the tranquil bay with torches blazing in their bows — and the strains of music that floated off on the evening breeze, heightened the effect of this fairy scene.

In the morning the rising sun beamed on one of the fairest scenes of nature — a scene where all its beauties are concentrated, and no familiarity with it can deaden one to the sense of its attractions. Nothing can be more exquisitely picturesque than the Bay of Naples as viewed from

* From a MS. work, entitled the "Mediterranean Sketch Book."

our ship. The bay makes a bold and graceful sweep of about twelve miles in depth, and quite the same distance across. The land on the northern side attains considerable elevation, rising gradually from the sea; — on the south it swells into a range of gentle mountains, terminating with Mount Vesuvius at the head of the bay. The shores are gemmed with villages and villas, encircled with vineyards, and glowing with the choicest beauties of nature. Naples rises amphitheatrically on one or two hills of considerable elevation, crowned with castles and monasteries. Vesuvius is immediately opposite, about five miles distant, with an extensive intermediate plain richly cultivated.

With its drives — aquatic excursions — noble ruins, so rich in classic association — the enchanting country that surrounds it — together with its innumerable resources — Naples must ever be considered the most delightful spot on the habitable globe.

But as my object is to describe the perilous ascent I made up Vesuvius, we must forget the bright sunny scene I have so feebly sketched, and cross to the opposite shore, where the scene changes to one of the most imposing spectacles that nature presents — nature in its most terrific form exhibiting the image of disorder and destruction, while she secretly prepares that inflammable matter, which, perhaps, will overwhelm and desolate the beautiful country and villages at the base of the mountain. For several days past the repeated shocks of the earthquake — the internal rumbling noise — and the unusual quantity of smoke and cinders issuing from the crater, with the peculiar state of the atmosphere, indicated an eruption of no ordinary character. With the admonitions of old Salvatori, the veteran guide of the mountain, and who on these occasions is ever considered the oracle, many of the villagers high up the mountain drove their flocks lower down, and moved their families to a place of comparative security, and yet some distance above the lava that destroyed Herculaneum. With the disasters of that melancholy event continually before them — and the possibility of a similar doom visiting them before the morrow's sun, the villagers and peasantry of the mountain seem as cheerful and happy, and as unconscious of the existence of danger, as though in reality peace and security reigned there. Thus custom and habit deaden our fears, and we become reckless and heedless of the dangers that surround us.

We left ship about eight o'clock in the evening in one of our boats, and landed at a little town at the foot of Vesuvius. Our Cicerone soon brought mules; we mounted, with our basket of provender; and the guides, with their flaming torches, taking the lead, Salvatori at the head, we dashed off in high spirits. It was a dark star-lit night, which gave a brilliant effect to the volumes of crimson flame that were pouring forth at intervals of one or two minutes, illuminating the bay and surrounding scenery for miles, with a light of peculiar beauty: and as it subsided we had the comparatively dim light of our torches to guide us. The base

of the mountain is luxuriantly fertile, and is literally covered with villages and vineyards: then the fruit trees wind their roots through the fissures of the lava on which is a natural deposit of rich verdant soil: at last the crude lava marks the limit to vegetation, and covers the upper third of the mountain. Our path led through these districts, and was at first tolerably good; but as we wound up the mount it became more rugged and precipitous. We reached the "hermitage" in two or three hours. This is the most elevated habitation on the mount, and is occupied by some hardy mountaineers, who furnish refreshments, and provide clothes necessary for the ascent. We were greatly surprised to find some *gens d'armes* quartered here to protect travellers from the banditti: who, it appeared, took some very improper liberties with a party a few days since — making them "minus of the cash they counted," and lightening them of their watches, and sundry other incumbrances calculated to weigh down the body corporate in an ascent requiring so much physical exertion — a very *considerate* personage is your regular bandit! As we unfortunately came up with said *incumbrances*, and did not wish to call into question the *consideration* of these gentlemen of the road, we took the escort, and rode, or rather climbed, up the path, and dismounted at the foot of the cone, which towered in threatening majesty over our heads, and seemed to kiss the beautiful sky above.

The scene from this spot was imposingly grand — the streams of lava which coursed down the sides of the mountain — in width about four hundred yards — seemed like molten gold. And when a rock or other obstacle presented itself, it would accumulate in a large mass behind, and roll over it, forming a cascade of indescribable beauty — the showers of red-hot stones thrown out of the crater appeared to fall from the very heavens like shooting stars — and the dark rolling cloud that canopied the whole, fringed as its folds were with the golden light from the crater, produced the sublimest effect, which was wonderfully heightened by the deep and heavy thunders of the eruption. They were becoming every moment more frequent and violent — indeed they were alarmingly so: and Salvatori, to whom fear was a stranger, and who was familiar with all the movements of this grand laboratory of nature, expressed his doubts as to the possibility of our being able to ascend with safety. But we had come to see, and not to be frightened; — and the glorious sights we had already witnessed, stimulated our feelings to a pitch of enthusiastic curiosity that no danger could conquer — no fatigue could subdue. The old guide finding his expostulations unheeded, shrugged up his shoulders, and said "he would go to the bottom of the crater with us if we dared!" Thus challenged, "*en avant*" was the word; and with a long stick to balance ourselves, we commenced the ascent — and here it began in good earnest. A more fatiguing task mortal man never undertook. The loose masses of lava that lie partially buried beneath the cinders, and move and roll with every pressure of the foot, served as stepping

stones — when off them, we would sink knee deep in the light cinders : nothing but the greatest industry would prevent one's falling on the sharp fragments of lava, and to stop for the slightest repose, or to catch a long breath, was sure to be attended with a retrograde movement ; so the only alternative was "onward." What was the most provoking, was the apparent receding motion of the top of the mount ! And this seemed to leave us in proportion to the effort made to reach its summit — whenever we stopped, it would frown down upon us with sullen majesty — the moment we started, it, too, would move off ! This illusion was too provoking.

We commenced the ascent in high glee, cracking jokes, and laughing at every awkward fall that ever and anon took place — but about mid-way the scene changed — and we found it was no *joke* to climb the side of a mountain for seven or eight hundred feet, at an angle of sixty degrees, with its sides coated with loose cinders. The laugh died away — and not a word was spoken — even A — was *silent* ! and when the thunders of the eruption ceased, the fall of some heavy stones cast out the crater, alone broke the tomb-like stillness ; then would follow the faint sound of our breathing — but my heart seemed to beat louder.

At last we reached the summit, so overcome with the exertion and fatigue, that I sank perfectly exhausted — and but for a glass of "lachry-mæ-christi," pressed from the mountain grape, I verily believe I should have breathed my last. And when I did recover, what a scene was spread before me ! So shapeless, and so chaos-like did every thing appear, that it looked more like the destruction of the world by fire than any thing else one might compare it to, if comparison were possible. And it did not require any great effort of the imagination to convert the rude, upright spires of lava into furies of the most frightful and hideous shape — the sulphurous atmosphere, and the lurid flame that was playing about them, gave them an appearance so unearthly and demon-like, that I thought myself transported to the very abodes of Pluto. The summit of the mountain was flat, presenting a surface of about half a mile in diameter — from the centre rose a hill of conical shape, about one hundred feet high, which seemed to be the funnel of the crater — from it issued columns of flame, and red-hot stones that attained an elevation of some ten or twelve hundred feet. The great mass of the lava escaped through an orifice at the base of the cone : a portion of it flowed over the top — this, however, I observed took place only on a great bursting forth — then its sides were literally coated with the crimson liquid — and uniting at the base, it rolled over, and coursed down the sides of the mountains with an impetuosity and force that nothing could withstand ; burying vineyards, villages, and every thing that came in its path. The eruptions took place at intervals of one or two minutes, with the indications of a violent convulsion of the earth — an almost deafening noise, like the discharge of a thousand cannon — then would follow a

dense cloud of smoke — a column of flame — a shower of stones — and streams of lava, — enough to shake the nerves of the most courageous, threatened as he is by every object around him. The sight was too overpowering for my weak senses, and I scarce'y know whether fear or admiration predominated at that moment — but I must confess I wished myself on *terra firma* once or twice.

Watching the “golden opportunity,” we ran to one of the volcanic apertures and got a glance of its hidden charms. The crater resembled a vast grotto encrusted with crystallized particles of sulphur, saltpetre, and alum, as far down as the eye could reach; and it appeared to be of fathomless depth. The liquid lava was chafing and heaving against its sides like the ocean surf against a rocky cliff. The extreme heat of the ground, and the sulphurous vapors which were continually exhaled, rendered our standing as uncomfortable as our respiration was difficult — indeed our eyes, faces, and lungs, were sorely affected. So completely fascinated were we with the sublime and brilliant spectacle, that we heeded not the admonitions of nature, or the shouts of Salvatori and the guides. At last, seeing our destruction inevitable if we remained, they rushed to the spot where we stood riveted with admiration, and dragged us back. Then it was we were awakened to a sense of our critical situation — the earth was heaving with extraordinary violence — and the deep murmuring tones that seemed to come from the inmost bosom of the mountain, indicated a violent eruption — we had not one moment to lose — the guides crossed themselves, and invoked the protection of their tutelary saints; — and away we leaped down the side of the mountain, with long and rapid strides to the great jeopardy of our necks and limbs, as the volcano burst forth with all its fury, scattering its huge rocks far and near, with the force and whizzing sound of cannon shot — literally stoning us down the mountain, and inundating the very ground we had occupied with its floods of liquid lava. We soon reached our mules, and the natural instinct of the animal rendered whip and spur unnecessary — fear acted as a more potent *persuader* than all the tortuous inventions of human ingenuity. Although it was night, every object was rendered as distinctly visible by the volcanic light, as though the bright sun was shining in the heavens.

We reached the hermitage in a wonderful short time, more dead than alive, and looking like young Vulcans. We found the delightful coolness of the mountaineers' hut more grateful than the warm entertainment given us by the volcanic spirits of Vesuvius. Stretching ourselves on a couch of leaves, we soon lost our fatigues and hair-breadth 'scapes in a sleep of delightful forgetfulness.

A refreshing nap enabled us to enjoy the most glorious sunrise mortal eyes ever beheld. The eye ran over an expanse of country diversified with hill and dale, and cultivated to an exquisite degree of perfection, teeming with all the luxuries of shrub and vine. The whole coun-

try appeared to be studded with villages and villas. Naples, with its enchanting bay animated with a number of white sails, was at our feet. Vesuvius was in our rear holding forth with all its energy and warmth — but daylight appeared to destroy the brilliant effect of the night — for every thing that was inflammable in the dark, was rendered pale by the day; yet it was a grand and imposing spectacle — and the whole scene was one that can never lose its hold on one's memory.

We descended to Portici, a large town at the foot of the mount, based on the lava that destroyed Herculaneum — took a delightful bath, and breakfasted on *beca fica's* — fruits served up in the luxury of leaf and flower baskets — drank our *lachrymæ-christi*, and were perfectly satisfied — we were in Italy! The pure invigorating mountain air, together with our last night's excursion, gave a zest to our meal that few have had the happiness to experience.

After breakfast, we returned to the ship, grateful for our preservation — satisfied with the excursion — and happy to astonish our messmates with the recital of the incident I have so feebly described.

OCEANUS.

JERUSALEM.

BOWED to the dust the holy city lies,
Which reared her haughty front to meet the skies;
Her gorgeous temple, levelled with the ground,
The loud hosannahs shall no more resound!
There, where Jehovah deigned of yore to dwell,
No more shall hymns of holy triumph swell;
Her myriad worshippers no more shall meet,
To bend in prayer before the mercy seat —
But ruin, there, shall hold unchanging sway,
Her sons in chains, her glories past away!

Alas! Jerusalem, is this thy fate?
Thy splendid palaces all desolate;
Thy mighty ramparts, frowning towers o'erthrown;
Thy marble columns round in ruin strewn!
Can this be she, the chosen of the Lord,
Within whose shrines his awful voice was heard —
To whom all power, and wealth, and fame, were given, —
Queen of the Earth, first favorite of Heaven? —
From East to West, from farthest South to North,
Thy princely merchants sent their navies forth,
And wheresoe'er they bent their venturous way,
Made every clime unwilling tribute pay:

Tyre's kingly robes their gorgeous hues unfold,
 And blazing gems, and Ophir's purest gold —
 As countless rivers seek the engulphing sea,
 Earth's richest treasures centered all in thee ;
 And wheresoe'er thy wand'ring sons were led
 Thy power extended and thy fame was spread !

See yon proud mount with marble masses crowned,
 Where circling columns the vast pile surround !
 There the proud nation boundless wealth bestowed,
 To raise a temple to their country's God ;
 There, in his holy place, Jehovah dwelt ;
 His people there his unseen presence felt,
 And while the heathen world lay dark in night,
 Basked in the splendor of his glory's light —
 Its glistening front of whitest marble made,
 Which proudly rises o'er each long arcade,
 Oft strikes the stranger in the vale below,
 As some vast mountain of eternal snow ; —
 Or when the rising day-god's earliest rays
 On that proud height direct their cloudless blaze,
 The blaze, reflected from its golden face,
 Folds all the Temple in its bright embrace —
 From ev'ry clime, from ev'ry land were torn
 The spoils of nations, which its courts adorn ;
 The lofty cloisters which those courts enfold,
 The roofs of cedar and the gates of gold —
 Thy gold, and robes, and gems of priceless worth,
 To Israel's God the tribute of the earth.

* * * * *

Insensate race ! Could nought your pride restrain ?
 Untaught by woe, blind, fickle, fierce, and vain !
 In vain your city's doom, your abject state,
 Your shrines profaned, your altars desolate —
 By Babel's streams when Israel's daughters mourned,
 And their despairing eyes towards Salem turned,
 If God, relenting, would your homes restore,
 Did ye not vow to tempt his wrath no more ?
 Ungrateful still ! rebellious in your pride,
 His prophets' fearful warnings ye deride !
 Blind with your lusts ye strive against your God,
 Nor heed the threatening of his angry rod !
 O hard of heart ! have ye forgot the hour
 His mercy freed you from your tyrant's power ?
 Have ye forgot, when on your desert road,
 Forth from the rock the cooling waters flowed ?
 Have ye forgot, when on the Red Sea brink,
 With trembling fear your stoutest hearts did shrink !
 When in your rear, from Egypt's land afar,
 Came fiercely rolling on the tide of war —
 How, at his dread command, the raging sea
 Dividing, left your fearful passage free ;
 Then, back recoiling with resistless sway,
 Swept your proud foes before its waves away ?
 Have ye forgot, when warring for the land

Your God had sworn to give into your hand ;
 How, when your haughty foes in panic fled,
 Jehovah's self your troops to victory led ?
 Ye *have* forgot! — and therefore on your head
 The bitter vial of his wrath is shed !
 Ye *have* forgot! and in your hearts of pride
 His holiest laws have dared to set aside;
 And with your vain traditions have profaned
 That faith your fathers with their blood maintained. —
 Proud of the wealth and power their God had given ;
 Proud of their rank as heritors of heaven ;
 Proud of their holy city, where alone
 In all the earth, Jehovah's name was known ;
 Proud of his choice of that stupendous fane,
 His law, his shrine, his altars to contain —
 Your haughty sons, in their own strength secure,
 Laughed at their foes, and deemed their triumph sure!
 Madly presumptuous, in their impious pride
 Their heavenly King insulted and defied!
 And, with foul rites, the blind and frantic crowd
 In God's own courts the knee to Baal bowed.
 But lo ! the just avenger of the Lord
 Already at your gates unsheathes his sword ; —
 Rome's chosen bands — her steel-clad legions come,
 To press your fate and seal your final doom.
 As moving slow that mighty host appears,
 Each barren hill displays a grove of spears ;
 While the last beams that gild the day's decline,
 On shields, and helms, and burnished corselets shine :
 High above all the unconquered Eagle flies,
 While round the walls the leaguering tents arise —
 Devoted city! girded by thy foes,
 More fierce within the fire of faction glows ;
 Now, when united ev'ry hand should be,
 To strike the blow that makes a nation free —
 Their fratricidal feuds and lust of sway
 Their strength consume, their numbers waste away ;
 Till even the Temple, sacred now no more,
 Is choked with corpses and defiled with gore.

But not alone did war's and faction's gloom
 Hang o'er proud Salem in that hour of doom —
 Famine's stern angel spreads his gloomy wings
 O'er the high domes of Israel's ancient kings ;
 And as war's horrors thicken day by day,
 The foul-eyed fiend demands a larger prey.

Had ye but known your day of grace, while still
 Jehovah's mercy paused your doom to seal —
 But one slight movement of repentance felt,
 And to your God for peace and pardon knelt —
 Had ye but hailed your promised Saviour's name,
 When, veiled his glory in man's form, he came —
 As guards the parent bird her tender brood,
 Beneath his gathering wings ye still had stood ;

And God your King, in wealth and power secure,
 Still would your name, your haughty state endure —
 Messiah's banner, in your van unfurled,
 Had spread your kingdom o'er a subject world.
 But vain his voice, from crime to crime ye past,
 Till God's long suffering mercy failed at last ;
 His shrine polluted, and his altars spurned ;
 His oft-repeated solemn warnings scorned —
 Jehovah's angel left his unseen throne,
 Where mid thick darkness oft his glory shone ;
 And, as he passed, your fearful doom he spoke —
 Eternal bondage 'neath a foreign yoke !

Did ye not hear strange awful voices say,
 Of woe prophetic, "LET US HASTE AWAY ;"
 While, as of passing hosts, a trampling sound
 In God's deserted courts was heard around ?
 Did ye not see within the louring sky,
 Chariots and armies meet in strife on high ?
 Did ye not see, untouched by mortal hand,
 The inmost temple's brazen gates expand ?
 Did not the flaming sword, displayed in air,
 Foreshew your city's doom, your sons' despair ;
 And all the fearful signs that o'er her rose,
 When God abandoned Salem to her foes ?

Blinded by pride, and alienate from heaven,
 Ye heeded not the countless warnings given —
 Madly secure, to sensual lusts a prey,
 Immersed in sloth, prince, priest, and people, lay ;
 And to the last, even when your inmost wall
 Shook to its base and tottered to its fall —
 Even when within the Temple of the Lord
 The ruthless soldier waved his gory sword ;
 When Faction armed the father 'gainst his son,
 And Famine half the Roman's work had done —
 Even then ye thought that promised Saviour nigh,
 Whose blood *had* flowed for man on Calvary ; —
 Still to that frantic hope ye fondly clung,
 When through your streets the shrieks of carnage rung —
 With scorn refused the mercy proffered still,
 While paused your foe your awful doom to seal —
 Your cup is full — your hour of mercy past —
 And your own hand hath wrought your fall at last !

Hark to that shriek of mingled rage and fear !
 Again it peals ! now louder — and more near —
 Forced back, beat down by that last fierce attack,
 While corpses mark their red and slippery track,
 Salem's last hope — her last heroic band,
 Within the Temple take their final stand —
 In stern despair they view their city's doom,
 And swear to make those sacred walls their tomb.

Fired with the thirst of vengeance long delayed,
 A double slaughter gluts each Roman blade :

The trembling suppliant now no mercy finds,
 His falt'ring prayer, unheeded as the winds —
 Old age and youth one general doom confounds,
 While every street with shrieks and shouts resounds; —
 The frantic mother, now with terror wild,
 In vain implores their mercy for her child;
 The ruthless murderers, steeled against remorse,
 Fling the slain infant on his mother's corse;
 In every house the work of slaughter spreads,
 Where'er the lust of blood or plunder leads;
 While the fierce flames that rose on ev'ry side,
 Swept with their waves the homes of regal pride;
 And the red glare that burst from every dome —
 That city made a *nation's* fiery tomb.

Now sunk the last fond hope the Jew had held,
 By woe unshaken, by defeat unchilled;
 That Israel's God his sacred house would save,
 Though o'er all else rolled Ruin's fiery wave —
 That even when Rome in her triumphant hour,
 Drank from his cup her noblest draught of power —
 While Salem bowed in dust before her throne,
 Some awful sign would claim it for his own!

In vain their hopes — in vain the anxious care
 Of Rome's proud chief that mighty fane to spare,
 Where pious zeal and human pride had joined
 To make its courts the wonder of mankind —
 In vain his stern imperious command,
 To guard the temple from the spoiler's hand —
 All, all in vain — the dread decree of Heaven
 To desolation had its splendors given!
 The vengeful soldier, freed from all command,
 Through yon high window flings the flaming brand;
 And as the roaring blaze burst high in air,
 Rose one wild shriek of agonized despair —
 From court to court the burning deluge rolled,
 While ran the streets with streams of molten gold;
 From tower to tower the exulting flames aspire,
 Till glowed the hill like one vast mount of fire —
 While flowed the marble floors with seething blood,
 And all around huge piles of corpses stood!
 At that dread sight the famine's victims raised
 Their glazing eyes, and on the temple gazed —
 Their frantic cries Perea's voice returned,
 As if o'er Salem's fall all nature mourned: —
 The Jewish warrior dropped his gory blade,
 As his last gleam of hope for ever fled!
 He knew his country's day of glory o'er —
 That her high name should fill the earth no more —
 Her crime-stained sons to endless bondage given,
 Despised by man, and now accursed of Heaven;
 Doomed o'er the earth to roam a race abhorred,
 Branded like Cain — the murderers of their Lord!

By prophet bards foretold in ages past,
 Salvation's tidings blessed the world at last ;
 No fearful portents told the Saviour nigh —
 No thunders pealed — no lightnings rent the sky —
 No fiery meteors at his humble birth,
 Announced the Godhead to the trembling earth !
 Messiah came, but not in regal state —
 No princely followers on his footsteps wait —
 No conquering armies gird his awful throne,
 To force the world his kingly sway to own ;
 But born to woe, in lowly form he came,
 Sinless himself, to bear our guilt and shame !
 To burst our bonds, our fearful curse remove,
 And reconcile us to our Father's love !

Scorned by the haughty chiefs of Israel's race,
 Oppressed by power, and loaded with disgrace,
 Wandering and poor — the Jew with fury blind
 Disdained the promised Saviour of mankind !
 Groaning beneath the iron rod of Rome,
 They thought their King in regal state should come,
 Sweep their proud foes before his wrath away,
 And o'er the world extend his boundless sway.
 The vengeful priesthood, thirsting for his blood,
 With envious fury still his steps pursued ;
 On every side their hellish snares they spread,
 And poured their curses on his sacred head !
 Homeless, degraded, beaten, bound, and spurned —
 His name blasphemed — his offered mercy scorned —
 Betrayed by friends, and by his friends denied,
 Upon the cross the world's Creator died !
 Died — a rebellious world from death to save,
 Disarm Death's sting, and triumph o'er the Grave !

In that same hour that heard his dying groan,
 In thickest darkness sunk the noonday sun ;
 And while o'er all that awful night was spread,
 The trembling earth gave up her buried dead !
 As rose that cry of superhuman pain,
 The Temple's mystic vail was rent in twain ;
 And they who scorned him while on earth he trod,
 Now in dread terror owned the Son of God !

But ye who once could boast his fostering care,
 Shall ye no more Jehovah's favor share ?
 Upon that mount, once consecrate to God,
 Where rose *his* house — where oft *his* angels trod,
 Shall some proud Temple there be seen no more,
 Where Israel's tribes may worship as of yore ?
 Yes ! the lost glories of your haughty race
 Long veiled by clouds of misery and disgrace,
 Like the bright Phoenix which expires in fire,
 Shall yet again to nobler heights aspire, —
 And, when all Earth shall own Messiah's reign,
 Ye, ye shall be his *chosen race* again !

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF A MEXICAN TOURIST.

NUMBER FIVE.

MEXICO is in itself rather an ordinary looking city, standing in the midst of a vast plain, having its streets all straight and crossing each other at right angles, so that from almost every corner you may look any way, and see out to the plain, and to the hills beyond it — magnificent mountains some of them are — by which it is bounded. The houses are of plaister, and in general uniform and plain enough; but some of them are diversified with fantastic colors, or shining in the sun with whitewash. There is a church in the great square, by the side of the cathedral, the front of which is of hewn stone richly wrought and ornamented, an object which was, no doubt, once beautiful, the stone being fine and hard and of a handsome yellowish color; but the Mexicans, two years ago, hit upon the idea of improving its appearance by means of a coat of whitewash, which they have kept bright ever since — the effect may be imagined.

The cathedral itself is, I think, handsome, and larger than that of Puebla, though my companions did not all agree with me about this; it is less charged than the other with ornaments, and the solemn arches and long lines of giant columns, are left more to their simplicity and natural effect. The pulpit, however, is a Juggernaut looking thing, all silver and gold, and parti-colored marble, rising to a point at the height of thirty or forty feet, and behind it is an alcove or chapel, much in the same taste as that at Puebla. One of the side alcoves exhibits a placard, setting forth that in it the faithful enjoy the same privileges as at St. John's of the Lateran at Rome, to which this is an associate chapel.

The public square is occupied by the cathedral and whitewashed church on one side; on another by the late vice-regal, now National, palace; and of the remaining two sides one and part of another are shops arranged in portals, as they are called here — that is, piazzas after the fashion of the Palais Royal, but of course, inferior; — the remaining half of the side nearest the cathedral consists of private residences. The buildings in general are respectable; but the appearance of the shopkeepers and their wares, when you come near them, disappoint the expectations you had formed. The uniformity of the whole thing is broken, and its effect injured, by a great bazaar, which is built out into the

square and occupied as a quarter of it, narrowing its space by so much, and having no pretensions to beauty in itself by way of compensation. It is one story high, and is threaded in all directions by little alleys, which are full of shops of dealers in hats, clothes, beds, trinkets, &c. &c.

We left some of our letters with cards the first day we were here, and passed the afternoon chiefly in lounging about the shops in search of any thing curious; but a very little investigation sufficed to convince us that in general whatever is valued or valuable for workmanship here, comes from Europe, or is the work of European artists, — the ingenuity of the country furnishes very little that foreigners can carry away as specimens. Rag figures representing the costumes of the country were offered at many windows, but they were but indifferently executed: there are two women in Puebla who make admirable ones, but their's are difficult to be obtained; we were shown some but could not buy any. Images in wax are also offered, but there is but one man that makes them well, and his are always bespoken; we bespoke some also, and deposited with a friend the money to pay for them, as the time demanded to produce thirty or forty figures was three or four months. They cost about six dollars apiece, and are seven or eight inches high — they represent various costumes of Indians, various classes of Mexicans employed in their usual occupations, with their implements of husbandry or mechanical labor about them. The plants, fruits, &c. of the country are also favorite subjects; and some Indian antiquities, such as the astronomical stone which is built into the wall of the cathedral, the stone of sacrifice or the great Indian idol, which are preserved in the National Museum. Of these three objects last mentioned, the first is a great black stone in the shape of a mile stone (without the eye) seven or eight feet in diameter, and carved on the face with rude figures supposed to stand for the constellations, or the twelve signs of the zodiac, which are disposed at equal distances from each other, like the figures for the hours on a dial, and in the centre is another hieroglyphic, supposed again to stand for the sun. The stone of sacrifice is of similar shape and material, but its hieroglyphics are more simple, and their interpretation more terrible. It has a hollow, like a deep bowl, in the centre, and a plain channel cut from it to the edge, which are *supposed* to have been meant to receive the victim's head — the human victim, — and convey off his blood. The idol is a very inartificial monstrosity, — a child making an image in dough of a tailor on his bench with his arms folded, would be likely to produce in miniature something very similar.

The praise that has been lavished on the relics of ancient Mexican art, appears to me to be much of the same sort as that which is bestowed upon a precocious child for performances whose merit can only be appreciated in connection with the consideration that is a child who does them. I state this opinion diffidently, because my observations were very cursory, and because great men have written great books to prove the con-

trary; and whatever may be thought of the execution of these statues and paintings, the resemblance that has been remarked between them and the Egyptian relics of the same class, is certainly most striking and curious, and difficult of plausible explanation.

No person can fail to see this who has visited the Egyptian curiosities in the Louvre and the Mexican collection in the National Museum; among which last are some originals and many copies of those old picture writings, which, as it seems to be generally agreed, contained the history of various emigrations, invasions, and revolutions, of the obscure times of the Zoltecks and Aztecks. As for their merit as paintings, any man who can write could make just such things with a pen and two or three different colored inks; the figures of men are three or four inches long, and a dozen in a row stand for the march of an army; a house or cabin for a town; some dots disposed in regular lines are taken to signify lapse of time, and beyond them a new march, a sacrifice, or a battle are again shadowed forth with equal grossness,—and thus on strips of coarse white cloth eight inches wide are continued to an indefinite extent these vague and unsatisfactory annals.

The early Spanish writers exaggerated monstrously every thing connected with Mexico; they were, many of them, the narrators of their own exploits, and all the witnesses were interested in the imposture; and modern travellers, I think, in general have shown a disposition somewhat analagous to theirs, in making grand stories about a country in general but little visited. There is much beauty of scenery certainly; the works of nature are on a grand scale, and her mineral and vegetable bounties infinite,—but the works of man; the ruins of the old time and the creations of the new; the barbaric pomp and gorgeous parade of inexhaustible wealth— whoever comes here with great expectations of these things, will surely be disappointed. He will not find what probably he comes principally to see; but he will find, if his eyes are open, abundant compensation for this disappointment among objects which he had thought upon before hand only as secondary, or perhaps never thought about at all.

The Alameda and Paseo, are places a good deal resorted to in the afternoon, and almost the only ones, except perhaps the churches, where one may obtain in public a glance of a Mexican lady. The ladies in general keep very close, and, except in formal parties, it is hard for a stranger to get sight or speech of them; and in these public promenades there is a fashion invented for their and our annoyance, which is the dullest in the world. The coaches draw up in long lines, and stand still for hours together, sometimes half open or more, and sometimes quite shut, the inmates having little opportunity to look out, and the passers-by as little to look in. One can imagine this of two happy lovers *tête à tête*, but surely there are not happy lovers in Mexico to fill all these coaches, and besides they would not be trusted in such a familiar

way together if they were. In fact, if you look narrowly into a dozen coaches, you will find half of them full of nurses and children, and in any of the rest it is an even chance you discover a set of dull heavy looking men, smoking and half asleep. "See," said an Irish gentleman to me, "what a custom it is, to stick there dead still in those d—d stew-pans." The Alameda is a square, walled in and ornamented with trees and shrubs, and some attempts at fountains and statuary, and contains about four acres. The Paseo is a wide boulevard beyond it, flanking all that part of the town. Here some few people ride up and down, or drive their carriages about; but by far the greater proportion take root in the manner I have described, and stupify.

I have omitted, in speaking of the great square, to describe the national palace, which is a long building with an uniform front, shining with whitewash, and two stories high; the lower story representing a mere blind basement, and the upper with its long range of high windows, a great pavilion. The windows have a little ornament about them in red paint, but there is no pretension to architectural beauty—no columns, arches, nor any thing to give one the idea of a palace, but its extent. The interior, the hall of the Congress, &c., all is in a style of corresponding simplicity.

Many of the most fashionable carriages one sees here are drawn by mules, which were formerly decidedly preferred to horses; but this idea is giving way, and a handsome pair of horses will now command a very high price, often two or three thousand dollars. There are no cabs nor one horse vehicles, or next to none—I saw only one, and do not remember to have heard of any other; and there are very few carts—mules and porters do nearly the whole transportation. The coaches are immensely heavy, resting on great gilt wooden frames, that look like scaffolding erected to serve some purpose in the building of the carriage, rather than like part of the vehicle itself. The pavements are good and on a good plan—there are ledges of stones laid a foot deep, crossing each other in diamonds about four feet wide, and between these the spaces are paved with smaller and flatter stones; but the deep ledge keeps all the rest in their places.

Beggars are very numerous, and do not fail to appeal to your compassion by means of the most horrible displays of deformity and disease. Here you meet a tall tawny fellow sand blind, feeling his way along the wall, and twanging out as he moves a most doleful miserable chaunt,—there an old woman on all fours, her hands and knees shod with wooden sandals,—and at a corner sits a man with a withered and distorted leg, exposed naked to the hip, and looking more like the twisted root of a tree than a human limb. On the sidewalks lie hundreds of wretched objects asleep, and often in the carriage way, where I wondered hourly they were not crushed; nor can I now comprehend their security; they certainly might be run over with all impunity.

The laborious offices of porters, runners, &c. about the town, are chiefly discharged by Indians. Their forms are athletic, broad across the shoulders, with brawny naked legs, — and they tramp along, burdened or not, always at a dog trot, with their feet turned, I think, a little inward ; or, perhaps, just parallel, bareheaded with long coarse raven black hair, or sometimes a broad palmetto leaf hat — one meets them at every turn. They seem to be very devout, crossing themselves as they pass before a church, or stopping to make a hasty genuflection at a shrine, and then trotting on ; and there is so frequent a repetition among them of the characteristics I have described, that for the first few hours I thought the same Indian kept meeting me in different parts of the town, and wondered at his ubiquity, till on remarking more carefully the features of the face, I found it was only the tribe, and not the individual, that was every where.

One very singular figure, and one of those oftenest seen in these streets, is the Aguador, or water-bearer ; you meet him perpetually with his two great jars, one slung before and one behind, by leather straps crossing on his head. The straps are so wide as to cover nearly the whole head, and give it a helmeted sort of appearance ; the man stoops as he runs, at an angle sufficient to make the jar on his shoulders rest there quietly, while the other hangs off far enough from his knees to avoid interfering with their movements ; and harnessed and loaded in this way, he moves at the everlasting trot peculiar to his race ; for he, too, is an Indian. The Indian and mixed castes, indeed, compose nearly the whole multitude that throng the streets, and impede the passers-by. Groups of idle men, women and children, are collected every where ; and you have as much difficulty to pick your way among them as in an European city you would have on a feast day or at a great review. These people are generally quite innocent of costume, their whole system being to wear the fewest clothes possible, and in this fine climate it is possible to wear very few. When they have any thing large enough, however, to imitate a poncho, they are sure to throw it over their shoulders in that style ; nothing delights them so much, and no combination of rags and scantiness seems to deter them from attempting it. Thousands of this class have no home nor means of subsistence ; they are habitual cumberers of the streets ; a little Catholic charity, a good deal of roguery and thievery, and very rarely, indeed, a little labor, keep them on the earth, — or if they die, they are shovelled into it with little more formality than dogs. When a quarrel arises among them, the conclusion almost as a matter of course is a stab ; then come the police and carry off all parties to prison — one dies ; another goes for a few weeks to the public works, where he may remain all his life, guilty or innocent, quite forgotten if he has no money, and nobody knows or cares any thing for the matter. I saw one or two processions of this sort ; one man carried dead on a sort of bier, another bloody and faint-

ing, led along and supported by two soldiers, and three or four more people, who were in some way implicated, following; and another soldier behind all — the passers-by in the streets taking no more notice of it than they do in ours of a funeral.

A gentleman of one of the legations told me he believed the assassinations in the city were about six hundred and fifty yearly, and in the whole republic about ten thousand; yet for two years past he only remembered one execution, and that was for stealing from a church. There was another man under sentence, who should have been executed at the same time; he had murdered an Englishman, a tanner, from whose employment he had been discharged; and Mr. Pakenham, the British minister, had made great exertions to get him condemned, and had carried his point in several courts, and had obtained at last what he considered to be a definitive sentence. But the priests, in whose eyes the murder of a heretic was not so heinous a crime as in those of Mr. Pakenham, interfered at the last moment and got the assassin freed the very night before he should have suffered. The church robber, however, was pitilessly strangled.

In a state of things like this, where but little stigma attaches to crime itself in general, and where the distribution of justice or injustice is so loose and careless that a man's suffering for a crime affords but a weak presumption of his having been guilty of it, it is very natural that the idea of disgrace should hardly be connected at all with punishments however infamous. And I have often seen the prisoners of the public works engaged in sweeping the streets or other such duty, chained and guarded by soldiers, and it always seemed to me that they were pets and favorites with their keepers; the soldiers were mixed among them in the most undisciplined fashion, and laughing and talking with them as familiarly as possible. On such subjects a kindred apathy exists in the general mass of society, and renders this country, as a clever friend of mine observed, the very paradise of scoundrels. There really seems to exist but two criterions of distinction — wealth and color; but education, character, talents, whatever makes one man really better or worse than another, is totally lost sight of. One cause of this is the great prevalence of gambling, for this vice is carried to an extraordinary and absorbing excess, and wherever this is the case something like the state of things I describe must necessarily take place. The long continued political convulsions; the accession of low and profligate men to political or military power, or to great fortune, which such convulsions must often bring about; the assemblage from the ends of the earth of adventurers of all nations, numerous enough to arrange their facilities for themselves, and keep each other in countenance; the exile of most, or nearly all, of those who had influence formerly, and who would have served as ramparts and landmarks had they remained; and finally, the rule which seems to have been the only one left that a white man was noble

of course, and all the colored races inferior, which gave a sufficiently numerous class to exclusion; all these causes, I suppose, have done more or less injury also.

Mr. Ball, the Secretary of the British Legation, called on us on Thursday 26th February, (some of our party having brought letters to the Minister,) to offer us all sorts of attention and hospitality, and we passed nearly the whole day in his company. In the afternoon he furnished us all with horses, and took us out to Chapoltepec, an old palace or pavilion, which occupies the whole summit of a hill, two miles from town. The steep ascents of this hill on all sides are overgrown with ancient trees, some of which are known to date from the days of Montezuma. They are a species of cypress, the largest trunks ten or twelve feet in diameter, and rising with a very gradual diminution to a majestic height. An aqueduct, for the supply of water to the city, stretches along the whole road to Chapoltepec, and another passes by it at the distance of a mile or two, and reaches several miles farther to the mountains, and from these two all the water used in the city is derived. The ground is so level that no perceptible difference exists in the height of the arches which support the aqueduct; they seem, as one passes under them, to be about eighteen feet high, and the top of the duct is, perhaps, twenty-five.

We dined on Friday 27th with Mr. Pakenham, and went with him to the opera; — the theatre is very large, and the pit and stage make nearly the shape of a great pear, of which the stage is at the apex; and the consequence is, that as the rows of boxes diverge from the stage, nearly half the persons who sit in them are placed quite out of sight of the performance. Every body smokes that chooses, and enough do so, to make clouds that are very disagreeable and painful to one's lungs and eyes; — ladies, however, refrain, which is said to be a recent improvement, though in this clear climate they might have more excuse for such a practice than elsewhere, as tobacco is said not to affect the breath. One of the most persevering puffers I saw, was a fat comfortable sleepy priest, who sat in the pit quite under me; he lighted cigar after cigar, until I lost all patience, and began to think the smoke of his burning would fume up for ever and ever.

Colonel Butler, Minister for the United States, called on Saturday, and took de Schuchareff and myself to visit Señor Gutierrez de Estrada, Secretary of State, who received us very politely, and who is a highly educated and intelligent man. He is very young for his post; not more than thirty-five or thirty-six years of age — speaks English, French, and German, and has the most liberal and enlightened views of the politics and interests of his country.

We went one evening to a grand ball, given by an association of gentlemen, chiefly foreigners, and we were told we should see there all the beauty and fashion of the place. A great many fashionable people cer-

tainly were there, but as for beauty I did not see one face I would look round to see again. Most of the women were, in fact, diabolically ugly; absolutely hideous; — and their taste in dress seemed to be a *mélange* of all ages, colors, and fashions. There was much finery of old times that had probably been inherited; this is a disadvantage of very expensive dresses, that one cannot afford to change them often; and therefore in Mexico one is not surprised at a lady's making some articles of this sort still do more or less duty, that once have served her grandmother. But black dresses and red roses, pink dresses and black shoes, and a hundred such incongruities that offended my eyes at the time, but which I cannot detail with any accuracy now — these things are the faults of the wearers, and so far from supplying the place of the beauty they wanted, would have disguised it if they had had it. There was a card room of course, where whist and *écarté* were played, to the exclusion of Monte, the favorite game of the Mexicans; but this entertainment was chiefly under the direction of foreigners.

In the course of the evening arrived the Vice President of the Republic, with eight aids-de-camp, a formidable and unrepugnant looking suite; and a very odd difficulty arose at the door because these aids had no cards of invitation. They plead stoutly for admittance, on the ground that they were part of the Vice President; but they were told that the Vice President had not been asked there as such, but simply as General such an one, and the door-keeper flatly refused to let them in. One of the managers was sent for, who heard both sides, and after a good deal of hesitation admitted them, as in fact I do not well see how he could do otherwise; but if they were under no compulsion to come in, one would think they had made some sacrifice of self-respect in availing themselves of such forced hospitality, and manifesting clearly, as they did, at the supper table, that its backwardness had not injured their appetites. Next day, however, it was rumored about town that they were belligerent on the subject, and would fight, having made a reservation that they were not to be obliged to pocket the insult because they had swallowed the supper; but it would seem that by the natural process, probably involuntarily, they digested both together, and no more was heard of it.

A large proportion of the men at this ball were persons who seemed never to have been at a ball before; but at the next we went to, which was at a private house, and in a very splendid suite of apartments, matters were infinitely worse. It was a masquerade, and all masquerades, almost without exception, are bores; but here, in addition to the natural ennui of the thing itself, were a set of people whose manners, appearance, and dress, were quite out of the pale of any society possible. I was told that a quantity of cards of admission had been obtained surreptitiously from the printer, and sold absolutely to the mob; and I think it may have been true, — for what I saw, and what I was told of individuals in the crowd, made some such explanation indispensable. Here,

for the first time, I saw ladies smoking, four or five together, lying in a group upon the floor, and resting on their elbows, tolerably well dressed and good looking persons they were too, and I imagine had not been smuggled in.

The superstitious habits of this people meet one at every turn, but they are less striking on the whole in the capital, than in the towns toward Vera Cruz; and continue to diminish in absurdity, we are told, as you go northward. We were here at the end of the carnival, and on this occasion, in a theatre which serves all the rest of the year as a cockpit, they get up some sacred dramas. We went one evening to see one, but it was not a good one of the kind; they sometimes give them on a grand scale, going even beyond Tom Moore's idea of getting "the Pentateuch up in five acts." For they not only give you in one piece the whole story of the Old Testament, the creation, fall, deluge, &c., &c., but all the principal events narrated in the New; and all the personages concerned are assumed without scruple, and played by these vagabond ranters to the edification of the faithful. The thing we saw was the story of Joseph, thrown very clumsily into dialogue, and heightened with a touch of extra interest by the introduction of Satan as tempter; he figures in a cavern scene among magic arts and infernal fire spitting; — in the introductory scene, where he makes a speech, setting forth his scheme of tempting Joseph and telling all his reasons for it, and afterwards throughout the play, he stands at the elbows of all the workers of mischief, and eggs them on, of course supposed invisible and inaudible to the rest, with "now is your time," "do it," "never give up," &c., &c. He made a very odd figure in the scene between Joseph and Potiphar's wife, — indeed, rather a foolish one. I think if the devil might have chosen he would not have been third in a case of that sort. The thing went off in general with infinite gravity, and only deviated once, as far as I remember, into farce; and that was when Reuben comes to release Joseph from the well, not knowing that he has already been taken out and sold. He lets a rope down into the well, and cries out "José, (pronounce Hosay) José, hermano (brother) José, and getting no answer, he bawls louder and louder; while the knowing audience, who understand very well that Joseph is not there, having seen him taken out a little before, turn poor Reuben's perplexity into fun, and beginning with an arch titter, break out at last into a roar of laughter.

While we were in this place the Host passed three times before the door, with its usual accompaniment of bell-ringing and psalm-singing; and each time the performance stopped, and the more devout among the audience, and the actors too, went down upon their knees until it was out of hearing. Among these more devout our own party was conspicuous; we were in a conspicuous place, and did not think it best to avail ourselves of the liberty we saw some persons use of merely acknowledging the presence of the Host by bowing down their heads. Persons who

were conscious of being good Catholics in point of fact, might permit themselves to wear their faith thus easily ; but the grimace of the strictest formality is indispensable to the insincere.

We went one day to see a bull fight, which took place in a great amphitheatre built of wood, and capable of containing in the seats five or six thousand persons. About four thousand, I think, were assembled — many were women and children ; and the aid of distance, and gay dresses, disguising a little the want of beauty, made the coup d'œil somewhat imposing. As for the spectacle, it excited no interest, nor any feelings but those of pity for the animals and disgust at the men in the arena. The poor brutes, with all the attempts that were made to gall them into fury, were tame enough the instant they were let alone ; when they were attacked and tortured they would fight, but they desisted immediately from pursuit ; and the men were never in as much danger as would make one apprehend any thing for them, not in as much, indeed, as one was tempted to wish them. When the bull did chance to pursue them, they let go their cloaks, and he invariably spent his rage upon those, or they leaped the fence out of the arena and were safe. There were twenty or thirty of them to come to each other's rescue, and divert the attention of the bull — some on horseback, but the major part on foot ; and the chief object in the early part of the game seemed to be, to throw into the bull's flesh some little bundles of barbs with paper tassels attached to them, and fireworks, which stung, and burned, and maddened the animal ; but seemed, after all, to produce rather pain than rage. The next idea was to entice him near a great paper statue in the middle of the arena, which he would shortly attack and overturn ; and from this burst forth a quantity of noisy fireworks, which rattled, and blazed, and smoked, and astonished the poor devil so much, that whatever courage he might have was regularly cowed, and he scarcely dared to attack any thing afterwards. Then came out a fellow on high stilts to help to teaze him, having three or four aids to interfere in case he should get into difficulty ; and his, indeed, seemed rather a dangerous part, for he fell once, and got a poke in the side from a bull's horns, which I suppose disabled him, as he did not re-appear. When all this had lasted about a quarter of an hour, the matador came out and killed the bull with a sword ; four gaily caparisoned horses dragged out the carcase — and a new paper image was set up, a fresh bull introduced, and the whole thing repeated, as nearly as might be, exactly. We saw three killed, and came away when the fourth was near his end ; — we had staid an hour, and the impression we brought away was, that the scene was like a great slaughter-house, where the butchers were drunk, and were disposed to inflict protracted agony on their victims for drunken sport.

In all these scenes, the opera, the balls, masquerades, bull-fights, &c., which we saw, the national taste for tawdry dresses was constantly conspicuous — and their costume, in its perfect glory, is certainly picturesque

and peculiar. The cloak, poncho, or manga, made in the best style, costs five or six hundred dollars; its form is simple, being merely a piece of dark colored broadcloth with a hole in the middle, and long enough when the head is passed through this hole to reach to the ankles before and behind, and wide enough to fall over the elbows. I suppose in general it may be three yards long and one and a half or two yards wide, and a little rounded at the corners. But on the shoulders, where the head passed through, is about half a yard square of velvet, usually of crimson, and the edges of this are richly embroidered with silver or gold — the corners having sometimes a little embroidery also, of the same sort, and in the embroidery is the expense, to which, indeed, there is scarcely any limit. Under this is a close jacket covered with silver cord, and jingling buttons also of silver; four dozen, I think, is the usual allowance, and the cost eighteen dollars per dozen — so that the jacket may cost one hundred or one hundred and fifty dollars. The pantaloons are of velvet, prepared deer-skin, or fine broadcloth; they are made very large, and open at the sides quite up to the hip; the edges of these, also, are covered with embroidery and jingling buttons, and may cost any price you please, down to eight or ten dollars, for which, in the Parian or Bazaar, you may get a gorgeous looking pair. Under the pantaloons are linen drawers made very large, and a fold of them showing itself below the fastened buttons and above the boots, which come up to the knee, and are made of richly wrought leather, in the shape of a triangle, doubled round the leg and secured by a garter, with shoes or sandals of course. The hat has a wide brim and low crown, with the triple gold cord; the rowels of the spurs are near two inches diameter, made of blue and ornamented steel; and there are little bells attached to these, or things which answer the purpose by striking against the rowels. Thus accoutred, and mounted on a horse caparisoned in similar taste, the Mexican considers himself a "Charro" — a word for which there is no translation but the long one with which I have introduced it. And a dress of this sort is not an affair of masquerade, to be worn once or twice a year at a ball, or in carnival time; it is the taste in which you will meet a man attired to the greatest extent he can afford it, in any bye-road or remote part of the country. Tinsel, of course, serves often, and usually, for embroidery; but a man who possesses only a thousand dollars in the world, will sometimes give the whole of it for a suit of these gay clothes, especially if he means to indemnify himself next day by robbing some heretical foreigner.

The feeling against foreigners, as I believe I have already remarked, is carefully nourished by the priests, and a good instance of their disposition in regard to it, occurred while we were at Mexico, in a proclamation of the Bishop of Puebla, addressed to his flock on occasion of some disturbances in which the foreigners had been attacked or menaced. He speaks, probably, at the urgent instance of the general government; for

though he uses the words of peace, he lets you see that they are wrung from him ; and at the same time that he entreats his flock to bear, as far as they can bear, the hateful presence of these strangers ; he treats it by implication as a great and perhaps intolerable evil, and applies the most soothing and gentle forms of reproof to those who have rebelled against it. His proclamation signifies plainly enough, that there is no more sin in making war on the foreigners, than he stands ready to give absolution for, and extra indulgences besides. The general government has a difficult part to play ; its own views, I believe — those of some of its members I know, — are liberal and enlightened with regard to foreign policy, education, commerce, &c. ; but they are embarrassed at every step by priests and demagogues, operating in all imaginable ways for evil on a most heterogeneous, ignorant, prejudiced, idle, and excitable, population. It is not at all strange, therefore, that they should seek to deprive some of these adversaries of some of their means of annoyance ; and I was not surprised to see in the official journal an article recommending some restrictions upon the liberty of the press, though I do not believe this government has the power necessary to carry such a thing into effect. The government of the separate States are almost independent, even in name ; and in fact they seem to be quite so, — they are very numerous, and full of factious rascals with mean minds and no principles, endeavoring grossly at advancement through mischief ; impeding the measures of the general government usually by their dissensions, but ready ever to unite among themselves, if necessary, to oppose it ; and they are backed by a militia of which they have the exclusive control. Add to this the universal disorder of the finances, and total absence of credit — the coinage debased — the treasury empty — the pay of all officers in arrears ; and a regular system set up among the servants of the nation, of paying themselves their own wages, at their own estimate, when they can. A gentleman who is perfectly good authority, told me that a merchant in a certain Mexican seaport, not a large one certainly, but a port of entry, applied to him to know how much revenue the treasury received from that port in a year. My informant possessed the means of ascertaining this from official sources, and he found the amount was eighty thousand dollars. Upon which the merchant assured him that his own house alone had paid in that custom-house in the last year for duties two hundred thousand dollars. Other cases, nearly as gross, have been stated to me, and some particulars, which are curious, of the manner in which business is managed between the importers and custom-house officers, when, as usually is the case, they conspire together.

The mint at Mexico is chiefly employed in coining the silver brought to it by the foreign companies engaged in mining, which is delivered to them again minus the seignorage ; and in the manufacture of copper cuartillos, which pass thirty-two for a dollar, and of which a hundred and fifty or two hundred would be intrinsically worth a dollar. With this

base coin the country is flooded ; they make at Mexico, I am told, about six hundred dollars nominal value in a day, when all their presses are at work ; and foreign countries occasionally send them a few, as in the case of Mr. Alfred, which I have somewhere related. But a case occurred while we were here, to show that even cuartillos are scarce sometimes at head-quarters — and it was as follows : There have been schemes in agitation, for a long time, to remodel the whole constitution of the Republic, to break down the state governments, and set up a central one, which shall have force enough really to rule the country ; it is Santa Anna's party who have all this in view ; and their doctrine, which is called Centralism, embraces the idea of making him Dictator, or something equivalent. A constitution, drawn up, I believe, on these principles, but of that I am not certain, was presented about the 1st of March to the Congress, and ordered by them to be printed for the use of the members. Whereupon General Bustamente moved, that in as much as the printer to the Congress was in the habit of doing their business negligently and tardily, this important and pressing document should be given to another ; and he offered, this being Saturday, to get the thing printed by Tuesday, if the Congress would entrust the care of it to him. A vote having passed that they would do so, General Bustamente proceeded to request that they would put funds at his disposal to pay the expense, as he was not disposed to advance the amount himself. A debate arose on this demand, and it was declared, on all hands, that the money could not be obtained, and the end was, that the resolution already passed was rescinded, and the state printer was ordered to be employed, from which it was expected would result a delay of two or three weeks, as the man is badly paid and works accordingly.

This doctrine of centralism was the rallying cry of the revolvers in the castle of Vera Cruz, the garrison of which seized the castle about this time, and attempted to take the town, but were repulsed. Santa Anna was at his hacienda, in the neighborhood, at the time ; and it was generally supposed he was there for the purpose of superintending this little revolution, which was to be kept along till he should see whether the country at large could be tempted to follow the example. A violent norther came up just after the first attempt, and even in such extraordinary circumstances, while that lasted no communication could pass between the castle and the town : when it was over, they began to negotiate, and continued to do so for two or three weeks, when the revolvers laid down their arms ; but I believe none of them were punished. Other little attempts had been made in several other parts of the country, and had totally failed ; the spirit of centralism did not seem rife enough yet ; and Santa Anna probably directed the revolution, (as they style such a thing here,) in Vera Cruz to cease. Not a little fear was entertained all this time at Mexico for the safety of the conducta which was on the road down as we came up ; but it halted, I believe, near

Xalapa, and remained till the danger was over. Conductas, in cases like this, are in imminent hazard from friend or foe ; the government catches one and takes the money as a forced loan, or the enemy takes it as a prize, and practically, the result is the same.

The German Mining company at Augangeo met with a loss some months since, which is a good illustration of the degree of security of property here ; they had sent off a conducta, with ten thousand dollars, for Mexico, which stopped for a dinner or lodging at a little village, where, of course, the servants of the company paid for what they bought, and naturally enough with some of their own dollars, which were new. The Alcalde of the village, seeing new dollars, declared they must be counterfeit, and seized the whole of them, and set up a monte (gambling) bank with them, — his bank was unlucky, and he lost the whole — and the company suffered afterwards an additional loss of near two thousand dollars, in expenses of proceedings they instituted to get the ten thousand back. This company met with another disaster in the beginning of this year ; one of their conductas being robbed on the highway of about ten thousand dollars.

It is worth a stranger's while to study the exchanges a little in his estimates of expenses in Mexico, and especially he may as well look sharply after his banker. I bought Mexican doubloons in New-York for about two per cent. discount, and sold them in Vera Cruz for three per cent. premium, for a draft on Mexico, making five per cent. that I gained ; and with this I should have been very well satisfied, had I not discovered afterwards that if I had left my money quietly at New-York, except just enough to carry me to Mexico, and drawn a bill there for what more I wanted, I could have obtained fourteen per cent. I did, in fact, draw a bill in this way, which I sold for nine per cent. ; that is, I gave it to my banker, never doubting he would allow me the fair market rate ; and when he allowed me nine I was surprised at getting so much ; but next day one of my friends doing the very same thing with his bankers, Messrs. Manning & Marshall, was allowed fourteen, and on inquiry I found that I had thus been done out of five. The best thing to do, as I stated before, is to bring out doubloons for the mere travelling expenses as far as Mexico, and letters of credit to enable you to draw for the rest ; but take care your doubloons are Mexican and not Colombian, Peruvian, Nicaragua, or Spanish. The doubloons of other American republics will not bring in Mexico, in general, more than fourteen dollars — those of Spain are often refused ; and in an out-of-the-way place, would probably be valued at about the same price ; and though in the capital or great seaports, some person may usually be found who will give nearly or quite their value for them, still it is best to take Mexican, as they pass every where undisputed. When you are going into the interior, you ought to exchange your gold for dollars ; the Indians, with whom most of your dealings will be, are not acquainted with the value of gold,

and it is difficult to find a man rich enough to change a doubloon. Gold usually sells in the large cities at one to three per cent. premium ; indeed at Zacatecas I am told doubloons will bring seventeen dollars. This difference, of course, must be higher as you recede from the coast, as it is caused by the expense of transporting silver to the seaports ; the risk of robbery being greater too on the greater bulk ; and then the silver, on arriving at Tampico or Vera Cruz, pays a duty for circulation, before it is admitted there ; or, if it is only to pass through, for exportation, or transit. Gold is liable to a duty of this sort also ; but I imagine it is usually smuggled both in and out.

One of the most constant subjects of our debates among ourselves since we had been in Mexico, had been the same as that of the consultation of the fox and goat in the well — “how shall we get out ?” Three routes were proposed ; one to Zacatecas and Metamoros ; another to Guanaxuato and San Luis de Potosi and Tampico, and a third to Tampico direct — a straight road, but passing through no places of note except Real del Monte, and offering no accommodations.

Ash Wednesday arrived, the end of the Carnival and of course of the public amusements ; but of these we were already tired, and we resolved to depart on Friday in the diligence to Zacatecas, seven days' journey. But just at this point we were interrupted by an invitation to a shooting party at Chalco, twenty miles from town on the Vera Cruz road, which was got up, I believe, chiefly by Mr. Ball of the British Legation, and the compliment was for the Britons of our party ; however, it was extended to us all, and carried, three votes against one, that it should be accepted. Our places, already engaged in the diligence, were relinquished, and our departure for Chalco fixed for Friday evening, to stay there Saturday, Sunday, and Monday — return Tuesday, and be off on the following Wednesday for Tampico by the shortest road. Ash-Wednesday was chiefly made remarkable, in our eyes, by the crosses, made with charcoal or cinders, which the women almost universally, and some of the men, had marked upon their foreheads, a custom that I have not seen elsewhere, that I remember, though very possibly in Catholic countries it may be common. We took care in the time we had left, to obtain the so much talked of *licencia de armas* ; it was granted to each of us, on the recommendation of the British and American Minister, and set forth that we had given evidence of our respectability (*honradez*), and were allowed to carry for our defence swords and guns, of any sort we pleased except such as were in use in the army, (*que no sean de municion*) this restriction being put in, because so many discharged soldiers had made use of their arms for robbery, that the government resolved to suppress the use of such weapons altogether, and enacted that wherever they were found no license should protect them from seizure. It is worthy of remark here, however, that after we were once in possession of our license, it never was once called for, nor exhibited, though we

travelled a much greater distance with it than that short one in which we had been so much annoyed for want of it. A case nearly parallel to this, of embarrassing the use of arms for defence, because rogues use them for violence, occurs in one of the municipal regulations of the capital, made on account of the frequency of street robberies committed at night by persons who would have horses at hand, and immediately gallop off and escape. This was at one time very common, and a law was passed that no person should ride on horseback in the city after a certain hour in the evening, eight o'clock, I believe, or thereabouts. Of course it became necessary to make exceptions, and grant licenses, &c. ; and the effect is, that though a peaceable man cannot get on horseback in the night without danger of being fined, the robber who defies so much greater penalties, cares not a rush for this minor one in addition. Robberies of this sort are, however, of more rare occurrence now ; indeed, the police of the city is, in general, well enough managed to make one feel pretty secure in life and property, unless in times of political overturnings. The great defect of the system seems to be its not compelling the lower orders to keep the peace among themselves ; the blood they spill in private brawls appears to be regarded as their own property, and they are allowed to waste it as they please.

Col. Austin, of the Texas, formerly a citizen of the United States, after undergoing a long imprisonment, was at large when we were at Mexico, and lodged in our hotel. He had come there to obtain from the general government the erection of Texas into a State, and member of the confederacy, it being now a mere subject territory or province. This point gained, and having the power of making their own laws, within the limits of the general constitution, the Texians would prefer the monopoly they would enjoy of a free commerce with Mexico, to being independent of it, and trading on equal terms with all the rest of the world. The chief restriction they would lie under, would be that of conforming, at least outwardly, to the Roman Catholic religion, and prohibiting the public exercise of any other ; but to this they are accustomed, no person not a Catholic can hold land in Texas now, nor obtain any where in the Mexican republic the privileges of citizenship. Col. Austin has extensive possessions there, and has had much influence in introducing a sounder and more enlightened species of population, — emigrants from the United States, Great Britain, Ireland, and Germany — than the occupants of Southern Mexico ; and he is now, or was at the time I speak of, the accredited agent of the province to the Congress, to ask the favor above mentioned for the provincials, in lieu of that independence which, though not so desirable in their eyes, is quite in their power when they choose to take it, and certainly the next best thing at least.

The government of Mexico, which cannot pay for printing a pamphlet, is little likely to march an army into Texas ; but if they could — if they could get them over the vast and thirsty plains of Tamaulipas

and Coahuila, and they were fairly entered into the province, — for I put transportation by sea out of the question for an invader who has no navy, — I say, suppose this army arrived, it would only march about laboriously, through a wild and vast country, harassed by an enemy much superior, physically and morally, to its own material, even if inferior in numbers. It might burn and destroy a few little towns and villages, but could not bring its enemies to action, except when and where they chose; and the end of it would be that, supposing no resistance to be made, it could only occupy a few posts, and could only keep those while it had a commanding strength, and was well furnished with supplies, recruits, &c., from home. The result of such an effort would be inevitable defeat and disgrace. But I look on Santa Anna's centralizing projects as a great impediment in the way of Col. Austin's petition; — the President, who is scheming to destroy the State governments already existing, is little likely to consent, at the same moment, to the establishment of a new one.

Another countryman of ours, Mr. Aaron Leggett of New-York, was also at the Washington Hotel, being engaged in soliciting from the Congress redress for an outrage committed on his property, under circumstances so gross, that even here among such unscrupulous people, the statement of his case seemed to have made some impression. Mr. Leggett obtained, in November 1831, from the state of Tabasco, an exclusive privilege for ten years for the navigation of the waters of that State by steam; and in June of the following year he placed a steam-boat, the *Bellona*, on the Tabasco river, and connected with her movements other commercial enterprises of considerable extent, and involving large investments. He had a brig and schooner of his own, and four English and two American vessels which he had chartered besides, all waiting at Tabasco for cargoes of logwood, which his steam-boat, and three other vessels he had provided for that purpose, were to bring to them down the river. About the 30th of June, a civil dissension broke out between the partisans of Santa Anna and Bustamente — the Santa Anna party boarded the brig, robbed her, and made the captain prisoner, and seized the steam-boat and filled her with armed men; while the adverse party got the schooner and armed her, and compelled the crew to work her in an attack on the steam-boat, thus forcing them to aid the fight against their own countrymen, who were doing similar forced service in the steamer. The Bustamente party finding themselves annoyed by the steam-boat, offered ten thousand dollars for her destruction; an embargo was laid on the commerce of the river, and the chartered vessels were glad to get off empty. Mr. Leggett's agent at Tabasco, and two of his captains, were thrust into prison, and remained there a month. On the 26th of July, a battle took place between the contending factions, and resulted in favour of Santa Anna, and on the 3d of August the steam-boat was released, but sunk a day or two after-

wards at the dock, whether in consequence of injuries received in the contest, or maliciously scuttled, is not positively known. For all these injuries Mr. Leggett claims compensation, which it is much to be wished he may obtain, but faintly to be hoped, unless our government interferes very decidedly in his favor ; and even then the matter is doubtful. There is no sort of doubt about the principle, nor about the means of redress, for Mr. L. is willing to take lands in Texas, and these they might give him, if they chose, with a restriction that he should introduce only Catholic settlers. A thousandth part of a grain of a feeling of pride, or justice, or national honor, would have brought them to this point long ago ; but whether menaces can do it is another question, and one I have not now time to discuss. Mr. Leggett's hopes, patience, and good humor, however, seem inexhaustible ; the gross outrages and injustice of which his property was made the subject, have not indisposed him to extract what fun he can from the particulars, and he makes a good story out of them, and tells it inimitably.

SERENADE.

I.

The ray of evening 's tender,
 Bright, flashing o'er the deep,
 Unfold thine eyes of rival splendor,
 And cease, fair maid, to sleep, —
 What dream of fancied treasure,
 What prospect of the heart,
 Revealing hopes of future pleasure,
 Should keep us thus apart ?

II.

Thy cavalier delaying,
 Awaits thy form with joy —
 His life of love is spent in straying,
 Then give his heart employ.
 Descend in all thy beauty,
 And bless him with thy ray —
 Impatient, yet with sleepless duty,
 He grieves at thy delay.

III.

Come with thy step of fleetness,
 Thy movement like a bird's, —
 Come with thy angel smile of sweetness,
 And all love's cheering words :—
 Come, while the hours are flying,
 Though we cease to heed their flight —
 Come with thy lip so all complying,
 And bless my heart to-night !

G. B. SINGLETON.

AN ESSAY

ON THE CONDITION AND PROSPECTS OF THE ART OF PAINTING IN THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.*

INDEPENDENT of the intrinsic recommendations that accompany the fine arts, and which always ensure them a welcome with the refined and the intelligent, there are moral associations interwoven in their existence and success, that endear them to the patriot and the philanthropist. Whilst the former regards them as the source of pure and elevated enjoyment, directing the mind, like literature and science, to pursuits of endless variety; to the latter they are peculiarly interesting as the evidences of social improvement and national prosperity.

While, therefore, the United States are daily multiplying their resources; and the enterprize of their citizens is directed to the improvement of useful pursuits and profitable objects, every lover of his country must be gratified to observe that a taste for the liberal arts is also cultivated, and that they are, every day, becoming more and more an object of enlightened attention. Institutions have been established in several of our cities, for the express purpose of promoting them: and if some of these have failed, and none of them have led to the results that might have been wished, it is because the zeal in which they originated was in advance of that state of public taste, and those means of encouragement, which could alone prosper the experiment, and crown it with success.

Indeed, it has been questioned whether such institutions are calculated to have a permanently useful effect, either in encouraging a taste for the fine arts, or in advancing their improvement; and whether it would not be better to leave genius to its own energies, to struggle with and overcome the difficulties in its way; with nature before it as the standard of beauty in proportion, of harmony in coloring, and of grace in action, than to offer it instruction under the name, and with the forms of an academy, without placing in its reach the best models of art and the most approved means of instruction.

If these views are correct, would it not be better, in our comparatively young country, and with our yet limited resources, to consider the cause of the liberal arts as best, though incidentally promoted, with the

* Written at the request of the Executive Committee of the American Lyceum, by Charles Fraser, of Charleston, South Carolina.

general advancement of all mental cultivation. For, after all, this is the only solid basis upon which they can hope to rest. Circumstances, foreign or accidental, may sometimes favor the growth, and encourage the progress of the fine arts; but the atmosphere in which alone they can be expected to attain their full maturity and development, is that produced by the genial influence of sentiment, taste, and intelligence.

Without these to regulate the use of the one, and to encourage and appreciate the claims of the other, genius and wealth are unavailing. Forests may disappear from the land — the garb of cultivation may be spread over our fields — cities may enliven our plains — rivers may open new channels of trade — and steam may give a double value to time, by the rapidity it imparts to motion; yet if the wealth which both produces, and which results from these happy prospects, is to be considered as the end of all enterprize and exertion, and not as a means of still further improvement, in shedding over the whole the charm that mind, and mind alone, bestows, our lot will not be that of national greatness, and Nature will in vain have lavished upon us the means of attaining it.

Those nations of antiquity were not the most favored in their physical resources whose fame we most delight to cherish. What of Greece do we remember with more delight than its philosophy, its sculpture, its painting, and its literature? True, it was the land of Cecrops, and boasted the gifts of Ceres; but it was also that of Pericles, Plato, and Xenophon — the land of the Apollo, the Laocoon, and the Parthenon.

Far be it from me to say one word that would discourage the establishment of schools of instruction in any branch of art or science; for these are the boast and the evidence of modern improvement: and their successful operation distinguishes the age and the country in which we live. But if we read of no Academy of sculpture in that native land of all excellence in the art, how can we account for the perfection of Grecian statuary? How can we account for the profound knowledge it exhibits of every science embraced in the principles and theory of its execution? It would be a mystery beyond the reach of conjecture but for that noble ambition in the pursuit of excellence, which directed all intellectual exertion to the highest standards, and which, whether animating the senator, the philosopher, the poet, or the artist, placed immortality before him as its certain reward.

To this predominant passion every thing was made subservient. Upon its vigilance and activity no hint even was lost, whether suggested by the humble acanthus that shadowed out the form of the Corinthian capital, or in the exercises of the Gymnasium that furnished them with models of grace and symmetry in the human form. In fact, all nature was the theatre of their study.

Of genius and skill, when displayed on such perishable materials as those of the painter's art, cotemporary impressions are the best, as they often are the only testimony. History is the gallery in which the me-

monials of them are preserved uninjured by time. Here, in their original freshness, are preserved the beauties of the Grecian pencil. And who can venture to question the authority by which Zeuxis was placed by the side of Praxitiles? "If," says Sir Joshua Reynolds, speaking of their paintings, "we had the good fortune to possess what the ancients esteem their master-pieces, I have no doubt we should find their figures as correctly drawn as the Laocoon, and probably colored like Titian's."

Horace, who attributed like powers to poetry and painting, gave also the testimony of his assent to the relative perfection of the latter art, by equally extolling the works of Parrhasius with those of Scopas :

"Hic saxo — liquidis ille coloribus."

Nor can we doubt that the taste, which could daily banquet upon the unrivalled productions of a Phidias or Polycletus, could be satisfied with any thing short of a corresponding excellence in those of Apollodorus or Timanthes. But why reason on a subject for which there is such abundant authority? Yet if these immortal painters had any public school of instruction, we know of none other than that which was open to all alike, and in which, whatever tended to improve or embellish life, had its share of reputation — the great school of Athens.

Thus we have the example of at least one age and country to shew that improvement in the liberal arts is connected with all other improvement; and that it constitutes but one of the various developments of that national greatness which proceeds from moral and intellectual cultivation.

Another great era of painting was also one of letters. If the names of Raphael and Michael Angelo did not distinguish the pontificate of Leo X., as the golden age of art, still would it be memorable as the glorious epoch of liberal knowledge; as the dawn of a bright intellectual day, which has ever since continued to shed its lustre upon the paths of taste, science, and learning.

It has been remarked that the eminent English painters — West, Hogarth, Barry, Reynolds, Wilson, and Gainsborough, were ripe in fame and merit before the establishment of the Royal Academy. But the poets, historians, orators, and statesmen, of their day, shew that there was a deep-seated vital impulse which put in motion at the same time the whole machinery of intellect, and that Painting was but a part of its wonderful operations.

The principle that thus so often regulates the success of the fine arts considered collectively, and in reference to public prosperity, also acts upon individuals engaged in the study of them. It graduates the scale of their advancement in a common ratio with that of their associates or competitors in kindred pursuits. The circle of great men that grew up and flourished with Sir Joshua Reynolds, and who united their exertions

with his, in the great career of celebrity, however diversified their respective pursuits, did more to make him the distinguished painter that he was, than all the rules of art he had acquired at St. Luke's. It did more to exalt and elicit the powers of his genius, than the Royal Academy, with all its patronage, has done for any succeeding English artists, eminently successful as some of them have been.

Adopting, then, the inference that these observations might well authorize, we cannot fail to associate excellence in the art of painting with the highest objects of intellectual ambition. We are led also to believe that every effort to diffuse a taste for letters, and to refine the public mind, tends also to the encouragement of the liberal arts. Every college and seminary of learning in our country is preparing the way for them.

The influence thus exercised, it is true, is indirect. But it is like the warmth of Spring, that acts unperceived upon the beauties of vegetation. Without that enlightened spirit which education diffuses insensibly over a community, even wealth with all its fostering means, can never raise the art beyond the level of vulgar ornament. Its patronage may produce artisans, but will never create artists. For wealth without refinement ministers only to the grosser parts of our nature, and not to the culture of the etherial mind. It neither improves the taste — nor enriches the understanding — nor ennobles the heart.

If, then, there is a pledge that painting and its sister arts will ever be encouraged in the United States with that liberality which their resources will assuredly enable them to afford, that pledge is abundantly displayed in the zeal that pervades all parts of our common country in the cause of improvement. Already we begin to be sensible of the tone and character that education has given to society. Talent, to a certain extent, is not without its reward. The public mind is becoming familiarized to standards of intellectual attainment that must inevitably exalt and purify its taste. Let it not, therefore, startle the lover of the fine arts, to hear one, who is himself their ardent admirer, express the belief that more is done towards promoting their interests, in the present state of our country, by literary institutions, than by those professedly established for their encouragement.

As the husbandman in vain bestows his labor upon a barren and unprofitable soil, so does the painter, however liberally endowed by nature, or improved by education, unprofitably devote his time to the cultivation of his art, in a community possessing the amplest means of patronage, but wanting taste and congeniality. Would the names of West and Copley have been added to the lists of fame, if they had not sought encouragement in countries that could appreciate and reward their claims? Has not the failure of Mr. Leslie's recent experiment shewn how essential a certain atmosphere of refinement is to the happy and success-

ful exercise of his art? * And have we not one artist in this country, who might add fresh attractions to the Sistine, had he been born in other climes, and under other auspices, who is now wasting upon the altar of patriotism the purest flame of genius?

There can be no greater mistake than in the idea that those causes upon which the elegant arts depend for their existence and success, lie upon the surface of society, or arise from light and casual influences. They are too closely allied to science and literature, not to have with *them* a common foundation deeply laid in the moral, intellectual, and even political condition and welfare of a nation. An elevated standard of morality gives to the mind a consciousness of its dignity. Intellectual improvement multiplies and refines its enjoyments. Whilst freedom leaves it to the tranquil and successful exercise of its favorite pursuits, at the same time that it gives it a high moral impulse, and animates it to manly and vigorous exertion.

Let the experience of history, while it tests the truth of these remarks, encourage the hope that the day is not far distant when the United States — exhibiting in their institutions, all of freedom but its licentiousness, — resting their social intercourse upon the basis of sound morals, and displaying in their prosperity the exhaustless resources of industry; shall also be distinguished for the cultivation and rewards of those pursuits that belong to the scholar, the philosopher, and the man of taste.

In thus endeavoring to trace the primary causes that favor the growth, and promote the success of the fine arts, we ought not to disregard those which are more obviously connected with them. It is due, therefore, to the enlightened motives and disinterested exertions by which our academies of art have been established and maintained, to acknowledge that they have had a favorable influence on painting in the United States. Their annual exhibitions have awakened public attention, and improved public taste. They have excited a spirit of emulation among artists, the result of which is a decided and progressive improvement in their works. The very fact of these institutions being composed, for the most part of individuals not connected with the profession, proves the existence of a higher cause, acting through their voluntary efforts upon its interests. And although they may not have been successful as schools of instruc-

* We cannot let this passage pass through our hands without entering our dissent from the position it seeks to establish. With regard to Mr. Leslie's return in disgust to Europe, we have nothing to say, except that, like every other man, he had a right to consult his own taste and inclinations, and pursue his avocations wheresoever he chose; but as to what our intelligent essayist says about "an atmosphere of refinement," it savors too much of what Mephistopholes calls "the silver-fork school," for one of his manly perceptions: nor is it true, that among the artists and the friends of art in this section of the Union, a society may not be found, wherein a man, even of Mr. Leslie's cultivated tastes, might have caught something to renovate and quicken his genius. — Eds. A. M. M.

tion, they have always had just claims to public patronage, as an advance in the great system of improvement. The increased number of artists may be fairly regarded as one of the happy results of the encouragement to which their influence has led. At the time of their establishment amongst us, portrait painting was the only branch of the art practised in the United States, and that but by comparatively few. While at the present day, embracing from their introduction, an interval of less than a half century, there are practitioners in every department of the profession from the highest to the humblest ; some of whom are distinguished, and many very respectable for their merits and attainments.

A decided evidence of the advancement of painting in this country has been furnished by that demand for elementary education in the art, which has led to such an establishment as the National Academy of Design, an institution formed and governed exclusively by artists ; and affording all the advantages of academic preparation. The consciousness thus implied, of a deficiency in those qualifications which an improved public taste required from the professors of art, while it has united their exertions, shews that their hopes are equal to the great objects that should animate them. If the want of an academy providing the means of instruction in the United States was the misfortune of such as could not seek them elsewhere, henceforward it will be their reproach, if they do not avail themselves of the opportunities which this institution furnishes them.

Whilst the painter, therefore, amidst causes both moral and physical, co-operating in the advancement of national and individual wealth, perceives a spirit of improvement every where manifested, let him reflect on the condition of society to which it must ultimately lead — its tastes and refinements — its luxuries and enjoyments : — let him think of the rank, to which in such a state of cultivated prosperity the liberal arts will be elevated — and he will want neither motive nor inclination to avail himself of the opportunities that may enable him to justify and maintain his claim.

But while animated by this ambition, let him

“ Compare life’s span with art’s extensive field,”

And remember that he can make no attainments, and reach no excellence, that will exempt him from the obligations of persevering industry — that the volume of nature, infinitely various in the topics which it embraces, is the great object of his study — while all that an Academy can profess to teach him is the language of his art, like all other language, but the form in which the mind is to manifest itself.

This is indeed a bright vision of the future destinies of American art. But its reality may be remote. Prosperous as are the signs, who can venture to predict the period of their accomplishment ? Are there no

peculiarities in our national character — no circumstances arising out of our institutions, political and social ; in fact, no distinguishing feature of the age in which we live, calculated to exert an adverse influence upon the interests of art, and to retard that period when the world shall behold in the United States of America another great era of painting ?

In the progress of society, works of magnitude, that seldom occur, are less easily accounted for than those which, frequently happening, are naturally traced to the causes that have produced them. It falls to the lot of no nation to be distinguished by more than one brilliant period of the arts ; and this being connected with the most advanced stages of its improvement, must be the result of causes variously combined, and long maturing. Indeed, the arts are said to be the offspring of the old age of a country. It would be but darkly prophesying, therefore, to assign any period of the future for their abode in the United States. The causes now in operation, however direct their tendencies, may be variously counteracted, and, after all, may depend upon accidental circumstances for their development. There is too little analogy between the present condition of society, and that of any in which the arts have ever flourished, for us to derive much light from a comparison when we consider the variety of objects that now exist to stimulate the enterprize, to engage the interests, and to distract the attention of the public mind, and, — above all, the practical and matter-of-fact character of the age in which we live, — we could not wonder if another great era of art should never again occur.

When painting was at its zenith in Italy, it was dedicated to the cause of a religion that swayed the hearts and the fortunes of men, and controlled the destinies of states. It shared in the devotion that was paid to the subjects upon which its sublimest efforts were employed. Embodying and making palpable to the senses those visions and mysteries that had never before been unveiled but to the eyes of faith, its powers seemed divine, and Pontiffs and princes were numbered amongst its votaries. The few, to whom the learning of that day was confined, were devoted to the interests of the church, and united their zeal in the elevation of an art that could add so much to the splendors of its worship. Commerce, which now equalizes its benefits, and distributes them impartially over the habitable globe, was then confined to a few favored countries, supplying with its resources the stores of their munificence. Art seems to have arisen with new energies from its slumber of ages ; and even during that gloomy interval to have gathered strength from causes unperceived,

“*Velut arbor, occulto ævo.*”

But Religion, which in all ages has been the nurse of art, and to whose influence Painting has owed its highest honors, resigns her patronage under the control of modern opinion. The reformers, how much soever

they may have differed on other points, agreed in the exclusion of pictures from their churches. And that determination has been steadily adhered to by succeeding Protestants. While Architecture is permitted to lavish its ornaments upon their "long drawn aisles, and fretted vaults" — while Music and Sculpture are admitted into the sanctuary, a sister art, consecrated as it has been to its service, is sternly rejected. It is not our purpose, as it would be foreign from our argument, to enquire into the propriety of this exclusion.

The effect produced by it in other Protestant countries, exists, and is likely to continue in its fullest force in the United States. We will, therefore, conclude this view of the subject, by referring to a remark made by Sir Joshua Reynolds, that after leaving the Catholic countries through which he had travelled, he bade adieu to the higher branches of art: and also to one which I have elsewhere met with, and of which I only claim the application. "That while the Flemish school opened and closed within a century; from Cimabue, the founder of the Italian school, to Carlo Maratti, and Salvator Rosa, who were esteemed the last of its masters, there is included a space of nearly five centuries."

It would be absurd, in this age and in this country, to express any regret at the absence of even so powerful a stimulus of public taste, as it could, at no time, have entered into the calculation of any American that Painting should ever be enlisted in the cause of Protestant devotion.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN THE NEXT NUMBER.]

TO * * * *

WHO ASKED FOR VERSES ON HERSELF.

I.

'Twere vain without recourse to art,
To sing of thee — yet sinful all,
To paint, with borrowed hues, a heart,
As pure as Nature's ere its fall.

II.

To look, and ponder, on thy face,
To gaze even when thou'rt far from view,
And love and long for every grace
Thou hast, — is all that I can do.

III.

To tell of loveliness like thine,
And all thy thousand charms reveal,
Might take a muse less rapt than mine —
Yet who may sing that does not feel?

IV.

Some of thy many charms forego,
Else vain the hope that we can aught,
While dazzled by their matchless glow,
Confusion conquers sight and thought.

—*G.

NIGHTS IN AN INDIAN LODGE.*

NUMBER THREE.

CHE-CHE-GWA'S STORY.

A FEBRUARY thaw had set in, and as the rising of the brooks compelled us to move our camp from the ravine in which we had slept for the last week, the chase was abandoned earlier than usual, in order, that after choosing a new location, we might have time to make ourselves comfortable for the night. A clump of trees on the upland offered the most suitable spot, as there were a few evergreens scattered among them, and the loose heaps of stone which lay upon the edge of the prairie, might be made useful in more ways than one, should we determine to remain long in the same place, and be at any pains in constructing our lodge. An accidental pile of these, against which the Canadian at once commenced building the fire, furnished the leeward side of our new cabin; and a couple of up-right crotches being planted in the ground opposite, two sapplings were laid transversely from them to this rude wall; the other sides were then enclosed with dried brush, and when a few cedar boughs had been laid across the top, we found ourselves in possession of very comfortable quarters. The Crapo then commenced picking a wild turkey and some prairie chickens, which were the only spoils of our day's hunt, while one of the Indians went off to bring some parched corn from the caché near our old camp.

He had not been gone more than ten minutes before I heard the crack of a rifle, and the Plume, who was already engaged before the fire mending his moccasins, sprang to his feet, and seizing his tomahawk rushed out of the cabin, exclaiming "Ah-wes-sie hi-ah-wa-nah bah-twa-we-tahng-gah? Mukwaw ewah bah-twa-we-tahng-gah."† And true enough, I had not followed him a hundred rods before we saw needji Mukwaw desperately wounded beneath a tree, while Che-che-gwa was coolly loading his rifle within thirty paces of his sable enemy. The moon was shining as bright as day, and there being still a little snow upon the ground where the bear was lying, his huge black limbs were drawn in full relief upon its white surface. The poor animal seemed unable to move, but though the groans he sent forth were really piteous, yet he ground his teeth with such rage that it seemed undesirable to venture too

* See American Monthly Magazine for March and April 1835.

† "A beast! what beast comes calling? A bear comes calling!"

near him ; especially as, though his hinder parts were paralyzed from the shot having taken effect in his spine, his fore-paws were still almost as dangerous as ever. The claws of these were now continually thrust in and out with a convulsive motion as he writhed about and tore the ground with wrath and agony. Formidable as he appeared, however, the Plume did not wait for his tribe's-man to throw away another ball upon him, but rushing up with his uplifted tomahawk, he paused within a few paces of his mark, and poising the weapon for a moment, hurled it with unerring aim at the head of the ferocious brute. The whizzing hatchet cleft his skull as if it had been a ripe melon, and buried itself in the bark of the tree behind him.

"Well done, Nee-dje-naubi ; *tres bien sauvage*" — shouted the Canadian, coming up with a half picked grouse in his hands, and his mouth full of feathers — "the bourgeois will tell his people what a great hunter you are." But the Indian only answered by running up to his dead enemy, and taking him by the paw and shaking it with a ludicrous and reverential gravity, he asked his pardon for having killed his uncle. Che-che-gwa at the same time unsheathed his scalping-knife, and drawing it across the throat of the animal, he filled his hand with blood, exclaiming, as he poured it upon the ground toward the four cardinal points :

Ma-mo-yah-na miskwe, mamoyanah. Hi-a-gwo ne-ma-na-ho-gahn nah-we-he-a ! whe-a-ya ?"*

The fat steaks that were soon broiling before our fire made no mean addition to our supper ; the birds, indeed, were not touched by my companions, who, I thought, would never tire of cutting piece after piece from the huge carcase that hung in the door-way. At last they seemed filled to repletion, and in capital humor from the brilliant winding up of the day's sport. Even Che-che-gwa became quite talkative and facetious — and broke out into a half-dozen songs, all laudatory of himself as a great hunter. As for White-Plume, he dubbed his tomahawk, incontinently, a "medicine" — while together they made up a sort of duet, which if hammered into English verse might rhyme to this effect :

They fly on -- you know the clouds
That fling their frowns o'er rock and river ;
They fly on — you know the clouds
That flee before the wind forever !

But I — though swift as them he rushes ;
Or though like them he scowls in wrath,
Am one whose charmed weapon crushes
Whoever dares to cross his path.†

* That which I take is blood — that which I take. Now I have something to eat.

† Nonogossin nahga ahnaquæ,
Nonogossin nahga ahnaquæ,
Mesahgoonah anain-ne-moy-an,
Enenewug anain nemo-wœ.

Neen bapah-missaghan negoche ahwessie neen-gah-kwatin ahwaw,
Heo-win-nah hanemowetah neengetemahhah bochegahane Mochtah neengetemah hahnah.

LITERALLY.

1st VOICE. — They fly on — you know the clouds.

2d VOICE. — They fly on — you know the clouds.

"Yes," continued Che-che-gwa, still maintaining a kind of chant when the song was ended, "though it were a bear concealed under the ground, I could find him.

"Yes," pursued his comrade, in the same sort of recitative, "aided by the Mani-toag, and armed with the weapons of Nannabozho, what animal shall be able to escape from the hunter?"

Nannabozho, as you perhaps know, is the chief of the Mani-toag or genii of fairy lore, among the Indians of the Lakes. The more learned in these matters pretend to identify him (under the name of "the Nannabush of the Algonkins,") with the Iswara of India, and the Saturn of ancient Italy. Mr. Schoolcraft considers him as "a sort of terrene Jove," who could perform all things, but lived on earth, and excelled particularly in feats of strength and manual dexterity. The introduction of his name induced me now to ask some account of this worthy personage from my companions; and among a number of desultory anecdotes I elicited the following continuous story from Che-che-gwa, which is given as nearly in his own words as possible.

NANNABOZHO:

HOW HE CAME TO MAKE THIS EARTH.

AN OJIBBEWAY LEGEND.

ONCE upon a time, a great many years ago, when Nannabozho was at war with the Mibanába, or Manitoag of the water, it happened on one very warm day that several of these spirits came out of the lake to bask upon the beach. They were followed by a train of animals of various kinds, each the largest of its species, waiting upon them. When they had all lifted themselves from the water, and gained the shore, the two chiefs of the band appointed sentinels to keep watch while the rest should sleep.

"Nannabozho, their great enemy," said they, "was always vigilant, and this would be a good time for him to steal upon them and injure them."

The otters were, therefore, ordered to act as watchers, while the others gave themselves up to repose: and soon the whole company, both spirits and animals, were sleeping on that shore.

Now, the weather which was at first excessively warm, become gradually hotter and hotter, and the otters, after keeping awake for a while, were at last overcome with languor; and when they saw all around them

BOTH. } Truly I esteem myself,

} As brave men esteem themselves

1st VOICE. — I fly about, and if any where I see an animal I can shoot it.

[with it.

2d VOICE. — Any thing I can kill with it, (this medicine — his tomahawk) even a dog I can kill

basking so comfortably on the sand, these sentinels, too, nodded on their posts, and were soon dreaming with the rest.

The chiefs finding the otters could not be depended upon, next commanded the loons to watch also. They were permitted to swim about, in order to keep themselves awake, but they were ordered not to go far from the group of sleepers.

Now it chanced, that at this time Nannabozho was travelling about in search of these very Manitoag, nor was it long before he found out where they were. He knew at once what precautions they had adopted for their safety, but he was determined to destroy some of them before they could learn the place where he found them. Having carefully examined the position in which they were lying, he caught up his pugga-naugun, or war-club, and sprang toward them. But the loons were on the watch, and the moment Nannabozho came in sight, they gave a scream that awakened the whole band of sleepers. The chiefs were, of course, first upon their feet, while the rest of the Manitoag, and all the animals, rose in equal alarm. But when they looked around there was no enemy to be seen, for Nannabozho had fled instantly and hid himself in the long grass through which he had stolen toward the shore.

The chiefs said it was a false alarm, and after a while all again betook themselves to repose.

When Nannabozho saw that all around was quiet once more, he raised himself slowly from the ground, and was again about to rush upon them, when again did the loons give warning of his approach the moment he appeared in sight.

It seems that the loon, who, some say, is himself a Manitou, has the power of sleeping with but one eye at a time, and when most overcome by slumber, he can always keep one eye open to watch for an enemy, while the other takes its necessary repose.

But now, when they were awakened a second time and saw no enemy near, the chiefs were angry with the loons for giving a false alarm; and the otters, who were jealous of them for pretending to be more sharp-sighted than themselves, said that it was not Nannabozho who hovered around, for if it had been, they would have seen him as well as the loons.

After much disputing, at last the otters were believed, and all, excepting the loons, once more closed their eyes in sleep.

Nannabozho was pleased with this.

The weather was still very warm, and he wished it might become yet warmer. It was so.

Then Nannabozho crept forward and took his station close by the group of sleepers, and the very moment the loons gave their warning cry, he wished he might be turned into an old stump, and straightway this wish was granted. A rough bark raised itself in a moment all round his body, which stiffened into the hard fibres of a tree; his toes separated, and twisting among the loose soil, spread into roots on every side,

while his hair became matted into ancient moss that clung to the brown stump as if, moist and green as now, it had always mantled its decayed top.

The enemies of Nannabozho were completely at a loss, when, having again shaken off their drowsiness, at the signal of the loons, they cast their eyes about the place. They looked in every direction, but there was nothing to be seen near save the stump of a shattered tree, which apparently had once flourished upon the edge of the water.

The loons told the chiefs that there was no stump there when they first came to the shore, but that it was Nannabozho himself who had taken this semblance. Some believed them, and others did not; and to settle the question, the chiefs ordered the great water serpents to go and twine themselves around him, and try and crush him to death, if indeed it were Nannabozho.

These serpents then straightway glided out of a slimy pool in which they had coiled themselves to rest, and twisting their folds around the stump, they knotted their bodies together so as to press with all their might against every part of it. But it was all to no purpose. Nannabozho kept a strong heart, and did not betray the pain he suffered by the least sign or sound.

The fire serpents were next ordered to try if they could not destroy him. They had been basking upon the hottest part of the beach until each scale had become like a coal of fire; and as their scorching folds, coil after coil, were twisted around him, Nannabozho suffered the greatest tortures. The stump became black from the heat that was applied to it; but though the wood smoked as if about to burst into a blaze, yet the slime which the water serpents had left upon it prevented it from actually taking fire. But none but Nannabozho could have kept quiet under the pain which these serpents inflicted. The stump had a little the shape of a man, and the serpents had a good place to twist around the part which represented the neck. Several times, Nannabozho finding himself choking, was upon the point of crying out, when the snakes would loosen themselves to apply their efforts in some other place. After repeated attempts in this way, the serpents at last desisted from their endeavors, and told the chiefs that it was not Nannabozho, for it was impossible that he could endure so much pain.

The hostile spirits, however, were not yet satisfied, and the chiefs commanded the great red-nailed bears* to go and scratch the stump with their long claws. Nannabozho was all but torn to pieces by these ferocious creatures, but was still able to support the agony he endured.

The bears at last gave up, as the serpents had done, and went back and told that it was not Nannabozho, for he, they said, was a coward,

* *Ma-mis-ko-gah-zhe Mukwaw* — The great red-nailed bear lives in woods and rocky places, and, according to Dr. James, is more dreaded by the Indians than even the *manitou-mukwaw*, or great grizzly bear of the prairies.

and could not quietly endure so much pain. It was then decided that it was not Nannabozho, and all went quietly to sleep as before.

Nannabozho wished they might sleep very sound, and it was so ; then he assumed his natural shape, and began cautiously to approach the sleepers. He stepped lightly over the bodies of the animals, and passing by all the lesser Manitoag, he placed himself near the heads of the two chiefs. Planting his foot, then, upon the throat of the one nearest to him, he dealt a blow with his war-club, which crushed the head of the other. Another blow, and his companion was likewise dead.

But now that the deed was done, Nannabozho found himself surrounded by dangers, and nothing but his swiftness of foot gave him any chance of escape from his revengeful foes, who were, immediately, in full cry after him. But soon, the spirits finding they could not overtake him by running, adopted a new device for getting Nannabozho in their power. They commanded the water to rise and flow after him ; and straightway the lake began to swell until its waves rushed along his path so rapidly that it seemed impossible to escape them. Nannabozho did not know what to do in this emergency — but at last, just as the water was about overwhelming him, he saw a crane, and determined to claim his assistance.

“ My brother,” said Nannabozho, “ will you not drink up this water for me ?”

The crane replied, “ what will you give me in return ?”

“ I will give you the skin of one of the chiefs that I have killed,” answered Nannabozho.

The crane was satisfied with the promise, and he commenced drinking up the water. He drank, and he drank until he had nearly drunk it all, when he was unable longer to stand up. His body had swollen to an immense size, and as he went toddling about on his thin shanks with his long neck bobbing about, he presented such a ludicrous appearance that Nannabozho burst out a laughing to see brother crane make such a figure. Nannabozho, indeed, must have been mad with merriment, for when he saw the crane’s body become bigger and bigger, while his skin was stretched so that he could not bend his legs as it tightened around his joints — he could not withstand the temptation of pricking the bloated mass. He drew his bow, and the arrow went through and through the crane’s body. But quickly was he punished for his wanton sport. At once the water began to rise again, and so fast did the big waves increase, that Nannabozho was compelled to ascend the highest mountain he could find — and still the waters followed him there. He then climbed the highest tree on the mountain. But the flood kept rising and rising — the branches on which he stood were soon dipping in the waves, which at last rolled completely above his head.

Just as they swept finally over him, Nannabozho chanced to look up, and saw the shadow of an object floating near him ; he stretched up his

arm and seized it. It proved to be a piece of wood buoyant enough to sustain him, and he placed himself upon it.

Nannabozho now floated about for some time. The water encompassed him on every side. It had covered up every thing. The rocks, hills, and trees, had all disappeared. The flood seemed to ripple against the sides of the sky, all around — and which every way he looked, there was nothing to be seen but a never-ending succession of waves, that had nothing but the wind to play against.

At last he saw a musk-rat swimming about alone, and he asked him to go down to the Earth, and bring him a little of it. The animal obeyed, and plunged toward the bottom, but was soon seen on the surface of the water perfectly dead. Nannabozho, however, did not yet despair. He immediately after saw a beaver paddling toward him, and as soon as the beaver got near enough to hear, he said to him —

“My brother, will you not dive and get me some earth?”

The beaver dove, but did not appear for a long time. The beaver, it seems, when he dives can carry down so much air entangled in his coat, that, when compelled to stay long under water, he can thrust his nose into his fur and breathe for some time. At last, he appeared again upon the surface nearly dead with exhaustion; he brought up a very little piece of mud on the end of his tail, which he gave to Nannabozho. Nannabozho scraped every particle of it carefully together, and placed it in the palm of his hand to dry. When it had become perfectly dried he blew it out into the water, and straightway a portion of the earth upon which we now live, was created. The dust, too, in the hand of Nannabozho, kept increasing the longer he blew — until more and more of the earth was made; and at last the whole world was finished just as large as it now is.

When Che-che-gwa had finished his legend, I could not help asking him whence came the plants and animals which had sprung into existence since the days of this Indian Deucalion. These, he answered, had been subsequently created in various ways. Many of the larger trees had been produced from the piece of wood upon which Nannabozho had floated in the deluge; and several shrubs had been brought up by the loons in diving, and taken root again upon the shores to which they drifted. A shell lying upon the strand was transformed into the racoon, and many of the other animals had come into existence in a similarly miraculous manner.

Promising to give more particular accounts of some of them at another time, he at last drew his blanket over his head, and was soon napping with the others, whom his story had long since put to sleep.

INCREASE OF NOVEL WRITING.

The Linwoods; by the author of *Hope Leslie*: New-York, Harpers.
The Hawks of Hawk Hollow; by the author of *Calavar*: Cary, Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia. *Norman Leslie*; by the author of *Dreams and Reveries of a Quiet Man*: Harpers. *Clinton Bradshaw*: Cary, Lea & Blanchard.

HERE are four new American novels — all regular “2 vols. 12mo.” published nearly simultaneously; and the Messrs. Harpers have two more in press, making six works of fiction by native authors upon native subjects, appearing within as many weeks. Now, for “the most matter-of-fact people in the world,” as more than one clever writer insists upon calling us, this is a pretty stout inroad into the regions of Fancy to be made in the course of one autumn? In the language of the political economists, there must have been some active demand to create so great a supply of a single article; and it is worth our while to enquire into the origin and growth of the market of this new and abundant home production.

Among the many disagreeable, and occasionally, true things, which have been said of our people by the hordes of sagacious tourists who have written upon them, none are more just than the often repeated observation, that, though a certain degree of intelligence is more widely diffused in this country than in any other, yet that its reading population is lamentably deficient in a taste for works of a higher order, which require some study and research to comprehend them. The meagreness of our libraries, and the shelves of our book-stores, compel us, without further examination, to plead guilty to this charge; but when these same writers go on to assert that the reading of the country consists almost exclusively of newspaper medleys, of news, politics, and album tales and poetry — they are either guilty of gross ignorance, or are wilfully misleading their readers, on both sides of the Atlantic, upon a point of no mean importance. Strange as it may seem, that “a matter-of-fact people” should indulge such a taste, it is, nevertheless, true, that three copies of Byron and Scott are bought here, to one that is purchased in England; and while not more than two thousand copies of Mr. Bulwer’s works are published there, an edition of *eight thousand* of his *Pompeii* could not supply the demand here. We say not a word of the soundness of judgment which makes these works popular above all others; we speak only of the national taste it indicates. The prevalent

taste in literature is either an effect or a cause. It is certainly an indication of feeling, opinion, or temperament. If an effect in this instance, we are already the most imaginative people in the world : — if a cause, this craving after food for fancy must certainly soon make us so.

Assuming our data to be correct — and we believe we may refer to the respective publishers of the popular editions of the works mentioned for their truth* — it is easy to account for the rapid increase of American novels and novel-writers : wherever the raw material abounds in a country, there will always be a ready supply of the manufactured article the moment there is a demand for it. The stores of romance have long been as abundant here as they are at present — but there was no temptation to unlock them when, while talent had innumerable lucrative outlets, authorship alone produced no returns to compensate for its labors. The immense demand for works of fiction has produced writers of fiction among us, in the same way that the alarming condition of overcrowded society in Europe has flooded the public there with treatises upon emigration and political economy, — and as the exigencies of our country at the close of the Revolution elicited disquisitions upon the nature of government — unrivalled since in copiousness and comprehensiveness — to which we are even now compelled to revert, properly to understand the machinery of our own institutions.

But why, the reader may ask, if these “stores of romance” do exist within our own borders, why does not the national taste for works of fiction exhibit itself in poetry as it has alway done in the early original literature of other peoples ? Is it because this is the age of utilitarianism ? — of rail-roads, locomotives, and theories of population ? Hardly, we should think ! for this apparent devotion of the public mind to *The Useful*, is not, so far as we can discover, attended with a peculiarly sobering effect upon feeling and sentiment.

The public press, both at home and abroad, has never been more rife with wild and startling theories, and details of unnatural acts, prompted by strange and perverted imaginations, than at present. So far, indeed, from the age being essentially “matter-of-fact,” there seems a strange fever in men’s minds, which taints with unwholesomeness the soundest undertakings they may entertain, and urges the most rational and well-meant efforts of philanthropy into extravagance and fanaticism. Even the admirable institution of *TEMPERANCE*, which was becoming the salvation of our country at home, and one of its noblest boasts abroad, is rapidly being perverted into a most dangerous inquisition into the private affairs of families, and the religious opinions of individuals. Men, by no means conspicuous, either for talents or information, already claim to interpret the Scriptures for every religious persuasion in the country : — and the public-spirited individuals who laid the noble basis

* Conner & Cooke ; the Messrs. Harper, and George Dearborn.

of this unhappy superstructure of fanaticism, are compelled either to retire from their labors, or else to aid in the erection of a most threatening citadel of tyranny — a strong-hold of undelegated and illimitable power, which may realize the worst that has ever been affirmed of Masonry. Need we allude to Matthias and to Mormonism — to the intemperate zeal of the Abolitionists, or the insane inconsistency of some of those opposed to them, to illustrate further this feverish state of the public mind ; — an unhealthy action, which engenders at one moment the grossest superstition, and poisons the very life-fountains of charity at the next ? No — if the reign of ‘matter of fact’ be the reign of Common Sense, we certainly do not live under it at present. The most moderate seem to forget the *modus in rebus* ; and the more enthusiastic place the *denique fines* some where at the *far-west* of opinion, which no one has yet found. Zeal, in Pearl-street parlance, is a very drug in the market ; but Judgment is not to be had for love or money.

The metaphysician, then, must seek some other cause for the lack of poetry than the absence of mental excitement, and the influence of “the schoolmaster” in sobering the imaginations of men. For our own part, we should not go further than the shelves of the booksellers, which the era just past — unexampled for prodigality in this department of letters — has filled with the works of a dozen glorious poets, from the days of Cowper to those of Byron ; counting these as the first and the last of the series.

The reason why works of imagination do not now take the form of poetry, is simply that the poetry at present in the language is equal to the existing demand for it ; and as most poetry is of no country, though the descriptions of Crabbe and Elliott may be local, yet the trains of thought and feeling in Childe Harold, and the musical play of fancy and pathos in Burns and Moore — the three most popular poets on this side of the Atlantic — are as applicable on the Mississippi or the Hudson, as on the Thames, the Liffy, or the Yarrow. The book market is deluged with stereotyped editions of these writers, and should old Homer himself arise and sing anew, he would find it difficult to get a publisher for a fresh Iliad, unless he put it forth in one of our magazines ; where Apollo and the Nine, and the proof-correctors, know, there is already enough of rhyme.

But where, asks the amiable worshipper of things prescriptive, the pious idolator of matters in which “the memory of man runneth not to the contrary” — where are your “stores of romance” to be found in a country where no time-honored traditions struggle to light through the dim veil of antiquity — where no ivy mantles the towers of by-gone days — no ancient halls resound with echoes that were waked among their rattling armor — along their fretted vaults a thousand years ago ? These, we answer, are but the accessories of chivalric story — the mere drapery of the statue, not the chiselled embodiment of poetry itself. It is the wild deeds of personal adventure — the doing and daring — the un-

daunted spirit of enterprize — with the strange modifications of character and motives, that attend its perils and its triumphs, in which the spirit of romantic story has its life and being. And in no country beneath the sun have these exhibited themselves, crowded into such a wondrous space of time, as that in which we live. The progress of society has been perfectly anomalous (as its condition still is) in most parts of the Union. The laws, habits, and languages, of different ages and peoples, have all here been brought into frequent and sharp collision, alike with each other and with the characteristics of the original lords of the soil, — while the influence of climate and scenery have equally combined to develop character in new and strange proportions, and elicit its most hidden resources. From the very earliest settlement of the country society has been in a state of fusion, which has hardly permitted it to cool in one mould before it began to run molten in another.

The States of the Atlantic board, indeed, have long since settled down into the civilized repose which was well earned by the various turmoil that each has witnessed in its borders. The wave of turbulent spirits has swept off with the retiring savage beyond the Mississippi; but the struggles of the pioneer over the mountains has hardly ceased to be a theme of familiar newspaper comment, when we have a new community, we might almost say, an empire, springing into existence on our south-western border, whose condition is, at this moment, forging new and thrilling materials for the annalist of bold adventure. We speak not of the justice of their cause, — but if there be aught that is noble in such a spectacle, there is as much to admire in the handful of Texians banding together to strip a powerful commonwealth of a third of its possessions, as in a score of mail-clad barons robbing their brother noble of a domain large enough for a poultry-yard. Certes, were we going to enter business in the hero line, we would think it more honor to scour the prairies with a score of western rifles at our back, than to ride in the ranks with the most knightly felon — whether moss-trooper or free-companion — that the genius of Scott has immortalized.

The vineyard is then large enough for more laborers, and we rejoice to see that its promise still calls another and another to the work. A very few years since, and the novels of Charles Brockden Brown were the only native productions of the kind upon native subjects. *The Spy* and *Hope Leslie* followed them after a long interval, each creating, as it appeared, a great sensation in the reading world, and exciting the most ardent curiosity about its writer. The authors of these admired books yet maintain their elevated position as writers of fiction; but the interest still felt in their literary career is shared by a dozen new competitors.

The last novel of Mr. Kennedy, *Horse-shoe Robinson*, has for the present, placed him, in our opinion, decidedly at the head of these — though we understand that the author of the *Yemassee* has a tale of the same period in press, which will challenge, perhaps successfully, the lau-

rel which Mr. Kennedy is now wearing — while a few months more labor upon his last work, a production of singular power and originality, might have enabled Dr. Bird to bear the palm from either. The character of Oran, in the *Hawks of Hawk Hollow*, is highly original in its conception, and closely approaches in truth of delineation to that of Horse-shoe himself, though the latter is presumed to be a portrait from the life. The descriptions, too, in this work, are exceedingly forcible and life-like — but the action of the story is too hurried; and the majority of the incidents, like most of the characters, are crowded together with a prodigality of effect that resembles the clap-traps of a melo-drama.

With regard to *The Linwoods*, we took occasion to anticipate the opinion it has won, when examining the proof-sheets in a previous number.

Norman Leslie and Clinton Bradshaw alone remain. Both these works are descriptive of modern life and manners, and consequently differ essentially in character from those already alluded to. The first, from an admired and popular pen, is, probably, already familiar to our readers, and we shall therefore think it unnecessary to quote any passages to which we may call their attention. It is only by a reference to its detached passages, however, that full justice may be done to the talents of its writer. As a picture of life and manners, or as a skilfully woven story, it is a failure; but as an imperfect, though not unattractive, setting, for many an exquisite gem of taste, feeling, and sentiment, it has peculiar merit of its own. It is the work of an essayist, and not of a novel-writer; — the offering, we should think, of a man of decided genius, who had kept himself so much aloof from the world as to have had little opportunity of acquiring skill in portraying it; but whose dreams and reveries, ever and anon stealing out over his page, tinge it with a hue of poetry more alluring than truth itself. Should the author determine, however, to follow up Norman Leslie with another tale, we would enjoin upon him most earnestly to eschew the realities which he has aimed at depicting in this instance. His *forte* is decidedly in the ideal world, or amid those scenes which time and fable have wrapped in the misty light where his fancy best may revel. A story like Moore's *Epicurean*, or Beckford's *Caliph Vathek*, would give full play to the powers that are all but thrown away upon the field which works like Norman Leslie offer for their exercise.

Clinton Bradshaw is evidently by a writer of far less literary experience, but infinitely greater knowledge of life and character than the author of the work to which we have last alluded. His excellence consists, indeed, in painting character with a truth that is almost homely. He holds one of those Flemish pencils which, though occasionally hitting off the retiring figure of some gallant cavalier with a few bold touches, delight most in elaborating a couple of toss-pots over their liquor, with all the accompaniments of bar-room or kitchen. The chief character of his book is not, indeed, one of the careless portraits that we have hinted

at, but the purlieus of a criminal court — with “life at the Five Points,” as they have it at Baltimore, is certainly painted with a Flemish force and fidelity.

The plan of the novel is exceedingly simple, and the moral it unfolds, if not of the most elevated kind, is still useful and highly applicable to our existing state of society. It is the story of a young lawyer of limited means and popular talents, whose ambition urges him to elevate himself by all honorable methods in his power. His professional pursuits lead him among the coarsest criminals, while his political career brings him in contact with the venal and corrupt of all parties. But true alike to himself and the community of which he is a member, the stern principles of a republican, and the uncompromising spirit of a gentleman are operative under all circumstances; and united as they are to coolness, decision, and an acute observation of men, these qualities ultimately establish his fame and fortune.

But though “law and politics” are certainly the most active ingredients of the story, our fair readers must not think that an influence generally admitted to be stronger than either is unacknowledged by our author. Love, as well as ambition, has a full share in unfolding the character of his hero; and some of the best passages in the book are those in which its effect upon such a nature as his is shown. In the following scene Bradshaw is playing the confidant of a friend, and some observations of the other induce him to discourse to this effect. —

“I’ve never been in love; therefore I don’t know how low I should stoop if I were — but this is my theory on the subject. I fear those that can theorize best in love, as well as in other matters, practise worst. However, if I were in your place, and could so far master my feelings, I would go more into general society; to be admired by many women is, perhaps, the best way of securing the love of one. I would not be too humble. I would give my heart away as if I valued the gift; not as if I meant to steal another, but, as if I expected a fair exchange and no robbery — though an exchange which it was my fondest, my most cherished hope to make; which should be received with gratitude, and treasured with love, and held far dearer to me than aught else in the world. When a man is deeply in love, he has a hard task to win his mistress, unless the flame were simultaneously inspired. He has so much in his own emotions to contend with — hope, distrust, jealousy — that he cannot adapt himself to her, and practise those consummate arts by which women are won. He is so much possessed with his own feelings, that he forgets to watch hers: and, besides, we judge others’ feelings from our own, so often, that we are always forming erroneous opinions of them, particularly in the affairs of the heart. This is the reason why a man of the world is always more successful in love than other men. He has self-control. He studies the character and learns the feelings of his lady-love, and with Protean power he adapts himself to her. Othello, the Moor — the blackamoor — bore himself proudly, yet he “took the pliant hour;” and do you doubt he had been looking out for it with a soldier’s watchfulness? Richard the Third bore himself daringly, even in the depth of his humility: when he knelt, he stooped to conquer; but it was the stooping of the eagle, who is sure of the dove. I always thought that there was something unnatural in this play, that the gentle Lady Anne should be won, at her husband’s funeral, by his murderer. But see Booth in the tyrant, and you think it natural — he plays so cunningly. Hudibras is a caricature; but, though it be, it is rather too true a picture of the class of lovers who are not the successful ones.”

“Bradshaw, these are but fictitious illustrations. You were speaking of men of the world being the most successful. Othello was no man of the world; Hudibras was in his wooing, for he sought the jointure. Othello was successful; Hudibras not — Hu-

dibras! he's no illustration at all of any thing but a low, poor devil, who was drawn to be laughed at."

"I know it; but it is the justness of the ridicule that makes us laugh. There is human nature in it, as there is human nature in Shakspeare's lowest clowns: the lover, for instance, of sweet Anne Page — 'if she had been a boy, he wouldn't have had her, though he had married her.' Whatever is in us, in common with such characters — and we all have something in us, in common with them — we must suppress. Othello's manliness made Desdemona forget his visage, — for the dangers he had passed she loved him; he loved her because she pitied them. She clung to his manly nature for support, as the beautiful honey-suckle of the woods clings to the generous oak. So with Lucy Ashton and Ravenswood, in 'The bride of Lammermoor.' Scott is next to Shakspeare in his knowledge of the human heart. Think of Marmion and his page. In which of Scott's poems is it, I forget, 'The Lady of the Lake' or 'Rokeby,' that the lover woos the heroine, and with such sweet verses? She followed his request, and twined the cypress wreath for him. Look at 'Don Juan,' — Byron's best production, — the best of the age, in spite of its licentiousness. Look at 'Sardanapulus,' — the luxurious Sardanapulus, whom Ionian Myrrha loves; she speaks of having 'fallen in her own thoughts by loving this soft stranger.' She does not love him for his softness, but for the manliness and bravery that shine through it, like the lightning in a summer's eve. You reply to me that this is all poetry, and these instances are rare, and, in the common-place world, we don't meet with them. I know it. In the common-place world we seldom meet with love, either."

"Ah! but, Bradshaw, give me living instances."

"What, do you mean of men who have lived? Look at Julius Cæsar, the greatest man that ever lived — so say Lord Bacon and Lord Byron, the lord of philosophers and the lord of poets. He dared as much to win Cleopatra, as he did when he crossed the Rubicon; he stayed in dalliance with her, until he nearly lost his life. He won a woman, as he won a victory, by daring to win. He had the quality which Napoleon so well, metaphorically, expressed, and which, no doubt, he thought his own quality — 'The iron hand, with the velvet glove.' Just so was it with Mirabeau: 'Wait till I shake my boar's head at them,' he used to say, when he heard the hootings of the Jacobins. To a lady who had fallen in love with him, from hearing of him, he wrote, in reply to an inquiry as to his personal appearance, 'Fancy a tiger who has had the small-pox; but he used to say, 'you have no idea of the beauty of my deformity.' In spite of all his vices, he succeeded with men and women. How? By energy, energy, energy! If I were a heathen I would build a temple to energy — enshrine the god there, and worship him. But, understand me, I would cover the iron hand with the velvet glove. Not until it was absolutely necessary, should any pressure be felt, but the soft, persuasive one, that would lead. But, when it was necessary, I would grasp with the power of Hercules, though it were the Nemean lion; but, mark me, I would not wear the lion's skin as a garment: it is what Hercules did, I know — but it is what the ass did, also. So many asses bray now-a-days, from the lion's covering, that the world almost always suspect, when they see the covering, that the ass is under it."

"What has this to do with love?" asked Selman.

"Why a great deal: if Milton — I don't justify his tyranny — had been a kneeling lover, think you he ever would have been knelt to by his wife? * * *

* I know every man can't be a Milton; but we are not fools, Selman, and we must win our way. Mind what I tell you; the way to win is not by yielding in the crowd and press of men: if you yield, you will be trodden on; if you push on, men will think that the prize is yours — the timid will give up at once, and the stout of heart quail, if your heart be only stouter than theirs. But you must not brag, sir; the courage must be in the eye and the voice, in the self-possession of the head and the heart. Think of the disinherited knight, at the tournament at Ashby; he entered the list without any one to say 'God speed you;' he strikes the shield of Brian de Bois Guilbert, till it rings again; he meets the proudest of the templars, and hurls him to the dust. This is fiction — yes! but it is glorious fiction. Read the eight volumes of Plutarch's Lives: they are filled with such fiction. Read the history of Richelieu, of De Retz, of Mirabeau, of the Man of Destiny. Read the history of England's great ones: of Marlborough, of Wolsey, of Milton, of Shakspeare, of Chatham, (Jove! how he hurled defiance at Walpole,) of Sheridan, of Erskine, (how he came out in his first effort,) and Curran, (how he braved the minions of office,) — think of these men: they entered the lists on the theatre of the wide world, like the disinherited knight, and when the odds pressed hard upon them, fortune came to their rescue — as she will always come to the rescue of the valiant, like the black sluggard to the rescue of Ivanhoe. Look at our own country: at Washington, at our more than Demosthenes, Patrick Henry, (what self-sustainment there was about him, even in the depth of obscurity and

poverty,) and at Roger Sherman, and a host of others, who gather in our history as our stars increase and cluster in our banner. Yes," said Bradshaw, rising and walking up and down the room, "these men and such like them, are the 'gods of my idolatry.' Some one remarks, Dr. Channing, I believe, that the reason why we admire even the Father of all Evil, the Satan of Milton, is because of the energy he exhibits, and the firmness with which, amidst the 'burning marl,' he sustained himself. We cannot but admire this trait of character, though in a fiend — how much more in god-like men! And if they be fallen men, and display this trait, it is a proof that all of their original brightness has not fled — ay, it is the power with which they often win back their original brightness. This world, sir, is like the hackneyed fable of Hercules and the wagoner: he called on Hercules for help, but the god told him to help himself first, to put his shoulder to the wheel, and then to pray. If you would reach the high places in this world — if you would get out of the slough, you must help yourself, and then the world will play Hercules and help you — but not till then. But, come, let us to bed — 'tis after three. Turn in there, Selman, and may all the dreams that hover round the fortunate lover, be yours."

We are not sufficiently skilled in the principal matters here treated of, to know whether Bradshaw's philosophy be true, or not; but there is certainly no lack of energy and spirit in his mode of teaching it. In the following dialogue between the young advocate and an older and more experienced member of the bar, there is still more to admire. It is fraught with just and eloquent criticism. —

"Ay, well, sir, be careful that the sex do not allure you from your studies. And, yet, I do not know why we should not wish to yield to their allurements: I have no doubt that youth is the happiest period of our life — and why not yield to its bias and impressions, as the leaf, upon the stream, floats as the wind bloweth."

"I should not suppose, sir, that you would preach that doctrine."

"The preaching and the practice are not always the same — but you know we cannot say which is the best part of the road until we have travelled it. I do not know but what our profession — from our habit of disputation in the defence of any side — leads us very much into doubting; makes us specious reasoners, and wayward actors. I won't say that in a dull man, who pursues closely and exclusively the practice of the profession, this effect is produced; but one who is a general reader — who has a taste for polite literature, and who cultivates it, is very apt to be thus influenced."

"But, sir," remarked Bradshaw, "do you not believe that Erskine and Curran, if they had been followers of literature, would have been more devoted to pleasure than they were, and that Sheridan, if he had been a lawyer, would have been less so. Sheridan thought so himself, I believe, from the fact of his having wished, towards the close of his life, that he had studied law: 'I would have done, at least, as well,' said he, 'as Tom Erskine.'"

"I remember having seen something like that recorded of Sheridan, Old Sherry paid himself as great a compliment as he ever had paid to him when he uttered that remark. Take him all in all, sir, I consider Erskine the most accomplished advocate that ever spoke the English language. I was educated in England, and I have had the pleasure of hearing him and most of his contemporaries, Fox, Burke, Sheridan, Pitt, &c. I do not think that Erskine was much of a statesman; — facts prove, indeed, that he comparatively failed in the House of Commons; but I believe he would have made a better statesman than either of his contemporaries could have made advocates, if I may institute such a comparison, and if they had been advocates they would not have equalled him. He was a fine-looking man, and a most accomplished gentleman, and then he had every weapon of oratory at command. His argument was lucid; I was about to say Johnsonian, but there was more naturalness in it, if I may so express myself, than there was in that of the great lexicographer, owing to his analogy and illustrations being derived from simpler sources — more from nature, not so much from books. He never used his imagination merely to adorn — his most brilliant adornment contained illustration and argument: here he differed widely from Curran, who often let his imagination run away with him a complete John Gilpin frolic, leaving his admirers as much amazed as were the folks of Islington, wondering, too, what he was after. Fox, as an advocate, would have reasoned better; Pitt would have had more subtlety; Sheridan more wit — much more. Great as Erskine was in cross-examining a witness, Sheridan would have surpassed him. But admit all this, and before an English jury, in the generality of cases, Erskine would have excelled them. Burke I

never considered an orator. Sometimes, from the violence of his temper, in very madness, like the Pythoness, he would be eloquent in utterance—in language, he always was eloquent—but he often wanted true oratorical inspiration, and lamely affected, acted it; as when, for instance, he drew from his pocket a dagger, which, no doubt, he had pocketed for the occasion, and flourished it in such a histrionic manner."

"My political impressions have been such," replied Bradshaw, "as to lead me to think that Burke was more splendid than profound; and yet who does not admire the lofty enthusiasm with which he pours forth his whole soul for the ancient regime? With a holy devotion, Old Mortality, as Scott describes him, leaned over the tombs of the departed Covenanters, to revive their names upon the marble; with a similar feeling, Burke would clear away what he calls rubbish, foulness, and degradation from the old monarchy of France—like the antiquary, he washes the relic, and finds it a common stone; he had better have been like the other antiquary, who refused to wash what he pronounced to be an ancient shield, for fear it would prove to be a pot-lid. Yet I admire him; I think him, perhaps, the master spirit of his day."

"No, indeed, sir; you are wrong, you are wrong. I know that the generality of scholars would agree with you, and be disposed to laugh at me; but I have lived long enough in the world to dare to think for myself. I admire Burke's brilliant imagination. He was meant for a literary character, if nature ever means a man for any thing. I am no defender of the French revolution—I mean of its atrocities—but I often think of what Paine said of Burke, that, 'He pitied the plumage, and forgot the dying bird.' Burke, sir, in my opinion, dressed the iron hand of despotism in flowers, and then exclaimed, how beautiful! The serpent which had stolen into the lily of France, and become torpid there, he would have you place in your bosom and warm into life. He seems to say, 'It hath no sting, it is incapable of ingratitude: I know the fable says the contrary, but what's a fable?' He would present that lily to you poisoned with that serpent's contact, and with one of his best bows, request my dear sir, or miss, or madam, that you would wear it as a nosegay. Burke enthrones prejudice on the ruins of some old feudal tower, and then would have the world bow down to it in political idolatry. He reminds us of the heathen, who makes unto himself an idol and then worships it—no small portion of his worship proceeding from a reverence of his own handiwork. He could defend all sides with equal ability, or, rather, he could defend a sophism best; for his was an imagination that did not illumine, but dazzle—not the light that enables us to see clearly and distinctly the objects before us, but the lurid blaze that flashes in the tempest—not the beacon-fire, burning on the steep, to guide the shipwrecked in safety, but its deceiving resemblance, that whelms them in ruin. Burke threw the gorgeous splendor of his imagination over the departed tyranny of France, as we throw the pall over the bier to hide the sense of the cold, distorted, blackened corpse beneath, that died in convulsions. He goes farther; he chants over it an incantation to raise the dead withal. And what spirits he would call from the 'vasty deep' of despotism! Understand me; to his splendid intellect, I pay the respect of profound homage; but I believe that the most of his political acts were dictated by an uncontrollable temper; that his inspiration proceeded from his frenzy; and that his conduct towards Fox, when they differed with regard to the French revolution, was all that is censurable. That one act shows the man to my mind."

Not less boldly and fervidly are the characteristics of Hamilton and Burr, Patrick Henry and Wirt, and Pinckney, sketched in other parts of the work—while the author is often singularly felicitious in his slight touches upon ignobler themes. His scenes in gay life are decidedly the least happy in the work. They are, indeed, wholly free from the prevailing puppyism of describing the minutiae of cookery and upholstery, as the all-important insignia of refined life; but they lack the spirit of his scenes in courts and chop-houses, public meetings, and quorums of the swell-fancy. They are marred, too, by some provincialisms, both in the manners of the characters, and the language of the author, which detract from their truth and agreeableness. The best conceived passage in the work, perhaps, is the prayer of Bradshaw's father, which, under the circumstances that it is overheard by the son, gives peculiar effect to the conclusion of the story. The parent is described as a man of simple

habits and strong religious feelings ; and, though naturally supposed to influence the character and actions of the hero, he figures but little in the narrative. At the close, however, when the goal of Bradshaw's proud hopes is just won — when love and fame are about to crown the eager endeavor, that wanted religion alone to ennoble it, and the intoxication of his spirit vents itself in wild visions of happiness and power — he pauses beneath the open window of his father's house, while rushing to embrace the family, and hears that which in a moment sobers, yet purifies and exalts, his mood. It is the tremulous voice of his aged parent invoking the blessings of heaven upon his career — pouring out a father's thankfulness for the bright hours that have already marked it, and beseeching the Fountain of Mercy while tempering and chastening the aspiring spirit of the son, to guard his own heart from vain-glorious and unchristian pride in the worldly success of his offspring.

The length to which this notice has extended, compels us now to close it somewhat abruptly ; but we cannot take leave of our author without thanking him for the high gratification the perusal of his volumes has afforded, and expressing a hope, that his vigorous and manly pen will soon be again at work upon the breathing world around him.

EPISODE OF OLYMPIA AND BIRENO.

FROM ARIOSTO ORL. INAM. CANTO X. ST. 7, 8 AND 9.

Oh! have a care of Youth, oh! have a care
Of florid years, all bright with new desire ;
As straw gives ashes to the wanton air,
So quick they kindle, and so soon expire.
Come hot, come cold, the huntsman tracks the hare
O'er breezy heathers, or through low-land mire,
Nor thinks, once caught, upon his quarry more,
But aye and only seeks the prey that flies before.

And even such are Youth's alluring ways.
What time denial coy and cold excuse
Forbids, the swain such loving worship pays
As white-robed Faith in Truth's own bower might use —
Let him but win, and wear the flaunting bays,
And that fair name of Mistress thou shalt lose,
To be the hand-maid of his will. Then flies
Far, far the light-winged Love, and doats on other eyes.

Yet deem not that I would inhibit quite —
Ill were it done — the license of sweet Love ;
That were the prostrate vine's neglected plight,
With no upholding partner in the grove ;
But lips that with their earliest dawn invite,
Shun altogether ; they will fickle prove. —
Choose not green fruits before the mellowing year,
Nor yet too far declined into the season sere.

A. H.

LITERARY NOTICES.

LETTERS FROM THE SOUTH. By a Northern Man. 2 vols. Harpers.—These volumes form the fifth and sixth of the uniform edition of Paulding's works, now in course of publication. Being among the most popular of that author's writings, they have long been out of print, and this new edition will for many possess all the zest of a fresh work. Looking over them again, after an interval of many years, we could not repress a feeling of regret, that Mr. Paulding had not devoted himself more to depicting life and manners in the real world around him. It was as a sketcher of character that he obtained his earliest reputation, and notwithstanding the numerous beautiful descriptions of inanimate life in these pages, it is the pictures of character which give them their chief value, and indicate the most successful sphere of the author's powers. As an authentic picture of the times, these volumes will always be valuable in the library; and as a book for present reading, a knowledge of our country is not so generally diffused among us, that the travels of an observer like Mr. Paulding have ceased to instruct and entertain. This work is handsomely printed, but the paper of the copy before us varies considerably in quality, and is not what it ought to be.

LECTURES ON THE GREEK LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE. By N. F. Moore, L. L. D. 1 vol. New-York: Windt & Conrad.—This handsomely printed little volume has lain for some time upon our table, unnoticed amid the crowd of new publications which usually encumber it; but it is not too late to do justice to its excellence and usefulness. The work consists of a series of lectures selected from a course read in Columbia College; and it was worthy of Professor Moore—one of the most ardent, as well as ripest of scholars in the country—to give so neat and finished a memorial of his favorite studies when about to retire from the professional pursuit of them. The first lecture, which treats of the value of classical studies, is an able vindication of the cause of polite letters, against the engrossing claims of mere physical science; showing how much science, in every age, has owed to erudition, and how impossible it is to divorce them—to withdraw the vital current which first nourished the growth of the arts, and which still cherishes, elevates, and sustains, them. A general review of Grecian literature enriches the se-

cond lecture; which, however, we must say, is too concise for any thing but an article in an encyclopædia. The great variety of subject-matter embodied in it should, at the least, have occupied three papers of the same length. The history of the Greek language, with the analogy and pronunciation of the same, occupy the remaining lectures, and furnish themes for much curious and learned investigation. The comparison between the ancient Greek and the modern Romaic, suggest the following observations, among many others scattered through the work, which will reward both the student and the general reader.—

"The most ardent well-wisher of Greece could not desire her political state to improve more rapidly, than the modes of thinking and writing in that country actually do. Her authors borrow with such freedom from the Hellenic, or *literal* Greek, as the ancient tongue is called, words, phrases and modes of expression; and so studiously avoid, as far as possible, the corruptions of the modern dialect, that one of the latest and best grammarians of Romaic declares it impossible to say, in the present infant state of the language, where writers will stop in their endeavors to assimilate it to the ancient Greek; or to draw between the two languages any precise line of demarcation.

"This fact furnishes a new and cogent motive to the study of the Greek language. That the knowledge of it will not only admit us into those rich repositories, where the Romaic possesses the accumulated treasures of three thousand years to draw from at its pleasure; but will render us, with a few days' study, masters of a modern tongue, which, viewed in the light in which we thus place it, must be regarded as the most copious, and for purposes of political and commercial intercourse, will soon be esteemed one of the most valuable amongst those now in use."

MEPHISTOPHELES IN ENGLAND. 2 vols. New-York: Harpers.—It is a common trick in novels of an immoral tendency, for the hero to begin with repentance for the crimes he has committed, and under the plea of confession to lead the reader through all the scenes of his past iniquity. That the author means to atone for the immorality of his work, by this short prelude of repentance, no one who reads it can believe; for there is a manner of narrating some crimes which almost equals the guilt to their commission; and no confession is

justifiable, that makes vice alluring. But the remorse of the hero is placed at the commencement of the story, as shew-men hang out signs of "grand moral picture," to naked representations of Adam and Eve, that modest persons may be induced to enter.

To say that this work is distinguished from its cotemporaries by its immorality — though to many novel-readers a strong recommendation — would be doing it injustice; for it is but one of a class where vice is painted in its most attractive colors; and the hero, a sentimental villain, after committing all sorts of enormities, is dismissed to happiness; — like most of its cotemporaries, too, it shews some talent, and more conceit; is interspersed with pretty pieces of poetry and bad puns, and is sometimes interesting, and often stupid, — but as a whole work, the author has put in enough wit of his own, and borrowed or stolen enough from others, to make it agreeable and amusing.

EURIPIDES. Translated by the Rev. R. Potter. New-York: Harper's Family Library. — The abounding stream of eloquence that enriching the poetry of Euripides, made him the favorite author of Demosthenes and Cicero, and induced Quintilian to recommend him to all who would emulate their career, ought certainly to be a passport to favor in our logocracy.

A translation, indeed, is less than a plaister cast of the original statue; but the forms of grace and passion may still be acquired in some degree through such a medium, and, like travellers who are led by a misty exhalation to visit the real waters beneath it, many a pains-taking scholar may be made of those who commence by seeking the unsubstantial enjoyment afforded in a translation. It is, therefore, that we take pleasure in recommending this approved English version of one of the noblest of dramatic poets, to those who deem that they have neither the time or the opportunity to familiarize themselves with the original.

PICTURESQUE BEAUTIES OF THE HUDSON RIVER. Part I. J. Disturnell: New-York. — This is an exceedingly commendable undertaking, and the style in which it is fulfilled in the specimen number before us, enables us warmly to recommend the publication. It will consist of a series of views upon the Hudson, engraved on steel from original drawings, taken expressly for the work; the whole being enriched with historical and descriptive illustrations by Samuel L. Knapp, Esq. The views selected in the present number, embrace New-York bay and the East and North river from the Nar-

rows to the Palisades — a small vignette view of Fort Lee, drawn and engraved by Smillie, being in our opinion decidedly the gem of the number. The views will much increase in interest as they ascend the Hudson, until they reach the more picturesque parts of the river; and as the plan of the work admits of sketches of every scene of interest in its vicinity — it may in its progress embrace some of the most exquisite landscapes in the world. — The broken dells of Rockland county — the still wild lakes of Orange, the devious windings and sundered cliffs of the Matteawan with the wooded banks of the Wahamanissing and other romantic streams in Dutchess, all affording the richest materials for the artist's skill, will probably be made tributary to the work. We shall watch its progress with interest.

HALL'S SKETCHES OF THE WEST. 2 vols. 12mo. Harrison Hall: Philadelphia. We have already in our last number called attention to this work from a slight examination of the proof sheets, and we are now happy to state that it is fairly before the public. Upon a cursory glance it will perhaps disappoint the reader who will recognize much that is already familiar to him from the writings of Judge Hall himself. A further examination however, will show that Mr. Hall has at length produced what has long been a great desideratum, viz. a compilation which should bring under one view the rise and progress and settlement of the magnificent region beyond the mountains. His work, in fact, combines the advantages of a history of the country he describes with a vivid representation of existing life and manners, we have the annals of the years that are gone, with a picture of the state of society, created by the events which marked their passage. The first explorers of the Mississippi and the founding of the various French and Spanish colonies along its banks — the first settlement on the Ohio with the infant history of Transylvania, now Kentucky, as well as the story of all those broad lands in more recent times, are commemorated in a narrative enriched with various valuable statistics, and a fund of personal anecdote characteristic of the times. Upon some of these we would gladly now delay did our limits permit. The following brief notice of a code, which, to the disgrace of the country, has recently been revived in new vigor, is all that we can here find room for. —

"No commentator has taken any notice of *Lynch's law* which was once the *lex loci* of the frontiers. Its operation was as follows: When a horse-thief, a counterfeiter, or any other desperate vagabond, infested a neighborhood, evading justice by cun-

ning, or by a strong arm, or by the number of his confederates, the citizens formed themselves into a "*regulating company*," a kind of holy brotherhood, whose duty it was to purge the community of its unruly members. Mounted, armed, and commanded by a leader, they proceeded to arrest such notorious offenders as were deemed fit subjects of exemplary justice; their operations were generally carried on in the night. Squire Birch, who was personated by one of the party, established his tribunal under a tree in the woods; the culprit was brought before him, tried, and generally convicted; he was then tied to a tree, lashed without mercy, and ordered to leave the country within a given time, under pain of a second visitation. It seldom happened, that more than one or two were thus punished; their confederates took the hint and fled, or were admonished to quit the neighborhood. Neither the justice nor the policy of this practice can be defended; but it was often resorted to from necessity, and its operation was salutary, in ridding the country of miscreants whom the law was not strong enough to punish. It was liable to abuse, and was sometimes abused; but in general, it was conducted with moderation, and only exerted upon the basest and most lawless men. Sometimes the sufferers resorted to courts of justice for remuneration, and there have been instances of heavy damages being recovered of the *regulators*. Whenever a county became strong enough to enforce the laws, these high-handed doings ceased to be tolerated."

ZINZENDORF, AND OTHER POEMS. By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. Leavitt, Lord & Co.: New-York. — Of all our American poetesses Mrs. Sigourney stands the first; first by the award of her own countrymen, first in the judgment of foreign critics; nor, having said this, have we said all that we might, or all that the talents of the lady fairly claim. Mrs. Hemans, the Sappho of modern days, is now no more; the silver chord of her lyre is broken, and we know of none so worthy to string it anew as our accomplished countrywoman. Miss Bailie, it is true, composes in a loftier strain and a severer school, but between the daring dramatist, the recorder of the stormy passions, the painter of the tyrant, the suicide, and the avenger, between the author of *De Montfort* or *Count Basil*, and the sweet but unpretending collector of household harmonies, and gentle songs of the affections, there can be instituted no comparison; and all that the admirers of both, or either, can accomplish for their mistresses, is to crown both, as equal though not rival genius'. — 'The English maiden, of the stronger, the more sublime, and elevated genius; the American wife, of all that is

gentle, and holy, and affectionate, in the range of poetic talent.

The peculiar characteristic of Mrs. Sigourney's poetry is her deep sense of religion, dependence on, and thankfulness toward, the great eternal BENEFactor, whose blessings she can descry alike in the gentle peace that enriches our valleys with fertility, and the hearts of our people with education and calm virtue; or in the violent storm of war that sweeps away the dregs, the impurities, and the pollutions contracted by the over-long stagnation of the waters of the state. This feeling we shall find perpetually welling forth, not with the nasal drawl of canting affection, not 'pricking the sides of its intent' to what the French would term *une grande enthousiasme*, but naturally, and almost imperceptibly stealing from the very heart of her subject, and exquisitely blended, though still distinctly audible, in all her notes, and in every variation. This deep association of religion — an excellent thing in woman — is, we said, Mrs. Sigourney's principal characteristic; but she has yet another, a constant affectionate turn of thought; viewing all things, even those prone to the weaker side, with an amiable and compassionate sympathy; and avoiding, mortal herself, to condemn with too much bitterness the errors of a fellow-mortal. A woman, she delights in drawing the most lovely picture earth can afford, the picture of pure, domestic, gentle, woman — high-minded yet humble withal; strong in the performance of her duties, confident in the support of her God against every peril, yet weak in her contact with the world, and fearful amid the collision of actual or imaginary dangers; the most powerful arbiter of human destinies, as being she who forms the infant man to that frame in which he must grow up, and who warps him when so adult from his most rooted purposes by the soft influence of her blandishments, yet herself dependent on him, whom she has made and whom she governs, for her all of happiness on earth. This is the picture Mrs. Sigourney delights the most to draw, whether her original is to be sought from the palace of the Cæsars, or from the humble hearth of some New-England home; whether the mother of Washington, modelling a deliverer for a world, call forth her sympathies, or a Hannah Moore departing in her desolate old age from the pleasant scenes of her childhood.

The limits of our present article will only permit us to add, that highly as Mrs. Sigourney has always ranked in our estimate, she has taken a yet higher stand by this last effort; and that we shall ever hail in the lists of literary fame one, who teaches while she entertains, who purifies and chastens most where she the most enchants.